The New REPUBLIC

A Journal of Opinion

VOL. XLVIII NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 6, 1926 NUMBER 618

Contents

The Week 176

Editorials

The Cost of the Dempsey-Tunney Fight..... 179
Electric Power as an Issue in Politics..... 180

General Articles

The Meaning of the Chinese Crisis.....
.....Robert E. Lewis 184
British Labor in Confusion.....Harold J. Laski 186
To a Child Who Stared at a Clock (verse).....
.....Winifred Welles 187
The Currency Jugglers.....C. W. Mixter 188
September Afternoon (verse).....Babette Deutsch 190
The Sluggard (verse).....A. E. Coppard 191
As the Twig Is Bent.....William Healy 191
For Them the Night (verse).....Hortense Flexner 193
Kipling's Debits and Credits.....Edmund Wilson 194
Peter and Paul.....Stark Young 195

Correspondence 196

Reviews of Books

Mr. Wells's Newest World....Robert Morss Lovett 197
New Friends in Europe.....Lyman Bryson 198
A New History of Russia.....Alexander Kaun 198
Philosophy in the Religion of William James.....
.....H. M. Kallen 199
Will Coal Dust Explode?.....Edward A. Wieck 199
Troubadours and Satirists.....Lawrence S. Morris 200
Current Fiction.....Robert Littell 201

The Week

REPRESENTATIVE Ogden L. Mills deserves credit for going to the scaffold like a gentleman. He has accepted the Republican nomination for Governor of New York state with Al Smith as his opponent, which means that his defeat is about as certain as anything can be in an uncertain world. This would be true in any year; and is doubly so in 1926, when the state Republican organization is so divided over prohibition that it is not only sure to lose the Gubernatorial race but stands a good chance of seeing Senator Wadsworth defeated in his campaign for reëlection. Representative Mills holds a number of views from which the New Republic dissents; and with most of the planks in the Republican platform it disagrees. At the same time it is glad to accord Mr. Mills the credit he deserves for accepting a candidacy which means a serious personal loss to himself but which also means that the Republican party will give Governor Smith the most serious and respectable opposition of which it is capable. If more men were willing to give battle against such heavy odds, American politics would be both more interesting and more genuine.

THE action taken at Geneva in regard to American adherence to the World Court follows the lines predicted last week. Little importance attaches to the counter-reservation which says that by a vote of two-thirds of the signatory states the American reservations may at any time be rejected. This is merely the answer to our own claim of the right to withdraw from the Court whenever we please. It is meant to soothe popular opinion in those countries whose citizens feel, and with good reason, that the Senate's reservations are arbitrary and high-handed. The sticking point will be, as we have already pointed out, the Senate's fifth reservation. Does the United States want equality with the nations on the Council in asking the Court for an advisory opinion?—a veto when unanimity is required, and one vote when a majority rules? Or do we demand a vote equal to that of the entire Council, so that we may prevent an action which its members unanimously desire? Senators Walsh and Swanson, and President Coolidge, have repeatedly said we wish only equality, and the Geneva conference gave to their statements the former interpretation. Now, however, the President whispers down the sleeve of the Official Spokesman that the terms proposed are unsatisfactory, and the faithful New York Herald-Tribune explains that "equality" can only mean equality between the United States on the one hand and the League on the other. Doubtless Mr. Coolidge has been listening to the politicians who tell him the country is against the World Court and that he would do well to drop it. In any case, there should be an interesting debate on the question in the Senate this winter.

THE action of the League of Nations in regard to the British massacre at Wanhsien was one which leaves a bad taste in the mouth. No doubt it is

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

true that Chao Hsin-Chu, who spoke for China at the Assembly meeting, used bitter words. Perhaps he was wrong in not notifying President Ninchich in advance that he intended to refer to this subject. But consider the facts. At least a thousand of Mr. Chao's fellow-countrymen have been killed or wounded. They were civilians, men, women and children, wholly guiltless of any crime except being Chinese and living within range of the six-inch guns of His Majesty's Ship Cockchafer. That vessel fired upon them without warning and inflicted this appalling loss of life in reprisal for the death of about a dozen Englishmen in a fight between the British and the forces of a local general. The British vessels were patrolling waters in a part of China where civil war rages, and where they have no shadow of any legal right to be except by violent misconstruction of a treaty of 1858 designed to permit courtesy visits to Chinese ports. Under these circumstances for Lord Cecil and President Ninchich to act as though Mr. Chao had been guilty of gulping his tea in a drawing-room is carrying diplomatic procedure to the point of callousness. If the League doesn't exist for hearing exactly such appeals as Mr. Chao made, what on earth is it for? The world has a right to expect a better attitude than he displayed from the winner of the Woodrow Wilson medal for service to the cause of international good will.

STRESEMANN argues that because Germany has been admitted to the League of Nations the theory of Germany's sole responsibility for the War has been abandoned. Poincaré counters with the statement that Germany was guilty, that France cannot reopen the question and that if Germany will disavow the acts of those responsible, the way to concord will be opened. It will be noted that neither statesman is appealing to scientific fact. The question of war guilt is being and will be further sifted by historians who are not talking to political meetings or posturing on the stage of international relations. With them will rest the decision, whatever it may be, regardless of what the Allies admit or what questions France reopens. The New Republic does not, however, agree with those who insist that no good purpose is served when the question is publicly discussed by statesmen and others. The Treaty of Versailles, which must be and is being modified, rests on the assumption of Germany's sole guilt. Modifications are easier as doubt grows of the validity of that assumption, whether the doubt is officially admitted or not. An international commission of inquiry to pass on war guilt may never be created, and will not be necessary if a just version of what happens becomes accepted on the basis of good evidence.

NOW that we know approximately that the federal government's taxation revenues for the fiscal year 1925-1926 were $250,000,000 more than for the previous year, both the Democrats and Secretary Mellon ought to be pleased. The Democrats thus have new ammunition for their campaign demand for another reduction of rates, and Mr. Mellon can say again, if he wishes, that reduced rates bring higher yields. We would remind them both, however, that there are included in the 1926 receipts over $400,000,000 of back taxes, an item which was not so large in the past and cannot be so large in the future. And we would point out that the receipts for 1924-1925 were calculated partly on the basis of incomes in the year 1924, which saw a moderate business slump, while those of 1925-26 included the upswing of the following year. Prosperity may, after all, be due to something else than lower taxes. If Mr. Mellon's formula is right, why does he not counsel M. Poincaré to balance his budget by reducing French tax rates, which are now several times larger than ours? The Democrats, furthermore, cannot very well combine their attack on the Republican prosperity issue with an assumption that future tax receipts will be as good as present. They should also reckon that the final Treasury status depends not only on receipts but on expenditures, which are bound to increase.

A PARTY of American editors, publicists and business men has been visiting Russia under the leadership of Mr. Sherwood Eddy. It celebrates its return to this country by addressing an open letter to President Coolidge urging the immediate formal recognition of the Soviet régime "on terms consistent with the mutual interests and honor of both governments." The signers, eleven in number, are not the entire personnel of the party; however, at a meeting attended by most of the group, held in Moscow, a resolution favoring recognition "on the basis of President Coolidge's message to Congress" was passed unanimously. The letter to the President points out: (a) that we have never based recognition of governments on approval of their character or practices; (b) that the existing government has proven itself stable and enduring; (c) that it has been recognized by "all other leading nations"; (d) that witholding recognition makes it more difficult for Americans to trade with Russia; (e) that recognition will aid what is good in the Russian experiment and discourage what is bad. This is an interesting argument, but for the present at least it is somewhat academic. There is no likelihood of any change in American policy. President Coolidge, if he replied at all, would doubtless say that our Russian trade, which last year amounted to over $100,000,000, is at least not irreparably damaged by lack of recognition; that even if Moscow agreed to reimburse American owners of confiscated property and pay the debts of the Tsarist régime it probably hasn't money enough to do so; and that a Russian promise to abstain from revolutionary propaganda in America would presumably be violated, as has the similar pledge to Great Britain. To ask

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the present administration at Washington to reverse itself on Russia is, no doubt, expecting too much of obstinate human nature.

THE New York State Water Power Commission, Republican controlled, has given the Republican party a fair-sounding plan for licensing to private companies the projected St. Lawrence and Niagara hydro-electric developments. And Mr. Ogden Mills, the candidate for Governor, has sprung to the defense of the plan by warning of the graft and inefficiency which might occur with public development under a Tammany régime. A close look, however, shows that such graft would have hard work to rival the Commission's plan in adding to the cost of power. The state could raise money for construction anywhere from 1 percent to 2 percent cheaper than a private company. The annual difference in interest at 1 percent would be—at the lowest estimated cost of the projects—$1,200,000. At 2 percent it would be $2,400,000. Over a fifty-year period this would impose an unnecessary burden on the consumers of from $60,000,000 to $100,000,000. If the state wishes to recapture the private plants under the Commission's plan, it must pay a bonus of 15 percent over the investment value —a feature that is not contained in the federal or other leasing provisions. This bonus would amount to at least $18,000,000 and would probably at the end of twenty years or so be $30,000,000. Graft to Tammany contractors is graft, but graft to Republican business men is a bonus. Furthermore, there is no certainty that the investment account will be limited to cost of construction. And there is no provision as to the manner in which the securities will be issued or supervision of bankers' fees. What a shaky platform for the pure Mr. Mills!

IN this week's New Republic there appears an article on deflation in Denmark which is by inference a pungent comment on what has happened in Great Britain and what is now happening in Italy. Great Britain, by coming back to a gold standard and the pre-war parity of exchange between the pound and the dollar, so disarranged the relationship of prices and wages that an industrial depression was deepened and labor conflicts sharpened—as was predicted by Mr. J. M. Keynes. Italy now proposes to increase the value of the lira by a deflating process under which the circulation of paper money is to be reduced by 5,000,000,000 within a year. This means, of course, falling prices, business depression and industrial unsettlement for the benefit of the owners of obligations expressed in terms of the lira, such as bonds and mortgages. Because continued inflation leads to disaster, it does not follow that deflation is any more desirable. What is wanted is stability of the currency at the nearest practicable point. Of course a temporary and moderate deflation may be a means of achieving stability, as is pointed out by Moulton and Lewis in their book on the French Debt Problem, but apparently Italy plans more than that.

THE standard or American Federation of Labor shop craft unions and the management of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad have agreed to an increase in wages and the restoration of overtime pay for regular Sunday and holiday work effective September 1. That these further improvements in the wage income and working conditions have been secured by the Baltimore and Ohio shopmen after a little more than three years of union-management coöperation is another achievement largely to the credit of the coöperative policy. At the same time the railroad company and the shop unions have also agreed upon and established a comprehensive system of education and training for all shop craft apprentices. Thus the march of union-management coöperation goes on with benefits to all: to the Baltimore and Ohio's passengers and shippers in improved service, to its investors in increased and more stable security values and income, and to its employes in steadier employment, better working conditions and increased wages. That these very tangible gains should be manifest on a railroad surrounded by company-union competitors who scoff at the idea of independent unionism and free and genuine coöperation is all the more significant. The claim of the Federated Shop Crafts to the effect that "the success of union-management coöperation to date . . . effectively disposes of the arguments advanced by company-union advocates in justification of their brand of employe representation and collective bargaining," thus appears to be warranted. The net effect of the new shop craft agreement of the Baltimore and Ohio is to provide conditions of employment to the Baltimore and Ohio's shopmen superior to those of the shopmen on any railroad in the United States or Canada. And withal the efficiency of operation as well as the service and credit standing of the Baltimore and Ohio continues to thrive.

MR. FORD, as the manufacturer of a relatively low-priced article dependent for its sale on widespread use, was one of the first large employers to recognize the fact that if industry is to produce ever greater volumes of goods, consumers must be given the purchasing power with which to absorb them, and therefore high and increasing wages are inseparable from mass production. He now goes a step further by decreasing working hours, on the theory that the wage-earners must have not only money to buy, but leisure to use the products which they make. In this as in his first position he is in harmony with the wage principle adopted a year ago by the American Federation of Labor, which declared that advances in productive power should be accompanied not only by higher wages but by shorter hours. It is all very well to say that Mr. Ford's introduction of the five-day week is a prac-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tical measure to keep his force together in the face of a restricted demand for his cars. The question is, what causes the restricted demand? To some extent, of course, the competition of other car manufacturers, but outside of that, the natural limits of a market narrowed by ability to pay and time to use. If his example should bring employers generally to adopt the forty-hour week, the use of Fords and of many other articles would no doubt increase materially. The crowning achievement of employers' intelligence and good will can arrive, however, only when they admit that the workers should have leisure and means for something else than the consumption of commercial products. Some day we may be able to say—there are enough Fords and radios; let us have more garden cities, more paintings, more pure science, more philosophy.

ARE the public authorities in the region of the Passaic textile strike free and independent agents, intent only on performing their duties justly and equitably? Or are they in fact working hand-in-glove with the mill owners in the effort to intimidate the strikers and herd them back into the mills? Evidence accumulates that the latter is the case. Extraordinary brutality has from the beginning been used by the police against not only strikers engaged in peaceful picketing but newspaper reporters and photographers. All of these have been repeatedly beaten up with a brutality worthy of the Tsar's Cossacks. Many persons have been arrested and fined or imprisoned on flimsy pretexts or none. An elaborate attempt was made to ruin the reputation of Albert Weisbord, youthful leader of the strikers, by a suit brought against him by a young woman whom he had never seen, the protégée of a dubious private detective agency. Norman Thomas, attempting to speak in Passaic, was arrested under an antique riot act, kept a night in jail, and held under $10,000 bail for five months. When he at last forced action in his case, the Bergen County Grand Jury dismissed it out of hand. He now threatens to sue for false arrest, and we earnestly hope he will, and bring into the records of a respectable court the facts regarding his treatment. Now strikers who are imprisoned are again complaining that they are systematically beaten up. A series of alleged bomb outrages, by alleged strikers, is being press-agented by the police, albeit the supposed perpetrators are persons of whom their "fellow-strikers" have never heard, and the bomb explosions have so far done no harm to anybody or anything. To the charges of brutality and of acting as agents provocateurs the police return indignant denials; but we submit it to our readers: is there anything in their recent record justifying the assumption that, as regards this strike, they are entitled to credence?

DR. ELWOOD MEAD, Commissioner of Reclamation for the United States government and an official of unusually high qualifications, has recently been touring Haiti. Like almost every visitor, he has been greatly impressed by what is being done there for the natives by the American occupation. He has written an open letter about it to his superior officer, the Secretary of the Interior, of which the following is a fair summary:

> Fifteen years ago political chaos and civic disorder prevailed in Haiti. Men on the land could not work their farms; to escape being conscripted into one military force or another they were compelled to remain in hiding. If the women tried to market their produce they risked being robbed. Seventeen of Haiti's twenty-four presidents had been deposed by revolution, and of the other seven one had been poisoned and one blown up. The presidential term was nominally seven years; the last six presidents averaged seven and a half months each. Port-au-Prince was a pest hole. The smells from filth in the streets reached far out to sea. The government was failing either to collect its revenues or pay its bills.
>
> Today Port-au-Prince is as clean and sanitary as Washington. The Public Health Service which keeps the island healthy is building dispensaries and holding clinics even in remote mountain hamlets. In July alone the rural clinics treated 48,000 patients. Hundreds of miles of roads have been graded and surfaced with rock. Farmers are now more prosperous than ever before, some even reaching the unbelievable opulence of a Ford. Many public schools are being built to diminish an illiteracy which is still over 90 percent. For the elder generation, traveling motion picture shows and radio loudspeakers are being used to tell them the things they need to know. All this is being done, not by piling up a burden of debt but out of income. In the last year the debt was diminished by $2,500,000. The government income increased by the same amount. Exports increased by nearly $500,000 and imports diminished by about $200,000.

This is certainly a remarkable record of achievement. We wish, however, that while Doctor Mead was at it he had discussed some other aspects of the question. Is it right for the people of the United States to impose their standards of sanitation, order and education by force of arms on people who do not want them, as there is reason to believe is the case with the Haitians? Are these people being prepared to travel alone or for continued and increasing dependence on the United States? If it is right for us, by threat of violence, to make improvement compulsory among those who are far below us in the scale of civilization, why not the same thing for those who are only slightly inferior? At just what point on the rising scale does immunity from our intervention begin? And finally, what can be said of the degree of real civilization attained by a nation rich, powerful, sanitary and well armed, which uses its superior power to impose its own ideas on a helpless neighbor? We wish Doctor Mead had employed his acute intelligence in discussing some of these important and pertinent questions.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WE suggest a rising vote of thanks to the Los Angeles City Club for its intelligence, as well as three resounding huzzas for its courage, in having taken the stand it recently did on the proposal to build subways and elevated lines in the City of the Angels. Like many other communities, this one is suffering from a bad case of growing pains. It has suddenly shot up to over a million population, while its main business district is still one appropriate to a town of 250,000. Sidewalks are of course crowded and streets filled from curb to curb, Los Angeles having the greatest automobile-use, in proportion to population, in America. In this juncture it was not surprising that some citizens came forward with a proposal to build an elaborate series of elevated lines and subways. Naturally, the hurrah boys fell in line with the idea at once—and probably in few communities is it more difficult to stand out against them. Yet the City Club was brave enough to do so. It appointed a committee to study the subject, which reported adversely. Its conclusions are summarized by Mr. C. K. Dystra in a recent issue of the National Municipal Review, in the tactful form of a series of questions:

> Is it inevitable or basically sound or desirable that larger and larger crowds be brought into the city's centre; do we want to stimulate housing congestion along subway lines and develop an intensive rather than an extensive city; will rapid transit spread the population anywhere except along the new right of way; is it ultimately desirable to have an area of abnormally high land values with its consequent demand for the removal of building height restrictions; must all large business, professional and financial operations be conducted in a restricted area; must the worker be transported through the heart of the city to get to his work; as a matter of fact are not all of these assumptions, which were controlling in the past generation, being severely arraigned by thoughtful students?

THE City Club says that the answers to all these inquiries except the last is a robust No. The Committee further observed that rapid transit brings bigger crowds, which means higher rents, which means taller buildings, which means still larger crowds, which means that the congestion you set out to solve is worse than ever. The report looks forward to a more desirable alternative to all this, seeing the city of the future as

> an harmoniously developed community of local centres and garden cities in which the need for rapid transportation over long distances will be reduced to a minimum. . . . There is no solution or cure for the rapid transit difficulty. Every attempt to cure brings on an aggravated case of the disease to be cured.

Our readers do not need to be told that the New Republic regards this as the soundest of good sense. It is a bitter pill for the Chamber of Commerce boosters and real estate speculators to swallow—so bitter that New York City, for example, doesn't yet dare offer it to them, and is spending many millions of dollars on new subways to make worse a situation already unendurably bad. Sooner or later, however, New York and every other community must realize that rapid transit development is a vicious circle. We congratulate and envy Los Angeles for possessing such a clear-headed group of pioneer thinkers.

THE Federated Press calls attention to the fact that the International Federation of Trade Unions reports a loss of 10,000,000 members to labor organizations throughout the world in the three years ending December 31, 1924. The numbers are respectively 46,273,132 and 36,062,711. Post-war depression and persecution of the working class movement in many countries are the reasons advanced for the loss. The number affiliated with the Amsterdam International is 13,700,000, a loss of 8,700,000, but this loss is in part concealed by counting as affiliated certain labor bodies such as the A. F. of L. which have before this been classified as "sympathetically disposed." The unions affiliated with the Red International of Labor Unions at Moscow show a small positive and a large relative increase, from 7,069,000 to 7,333,845, and from 15.3 percent to 20.3 percent of all organized workers.

The Cost of the Dempsey-Tunney Fight

JUDGING by the reportorial space and editorial enterprise which the American press has devoted to the exploitation of the recent fight for the heavyweight championship between Dempsey and Tunney, it seems to have been with perhaps one exception much the most fascinating and thrilling spectacle which the American people have witnessed since the end of the World War. During the two weeks preceding September 23 the New York Times, which does not specialize in news about prize fights, published approximately 1800 inches of type about the pending battle. In 1892 the same newspaper had printed during the corresponding preceding interval before the Sullivan-Corbett fight only 142 inches of news about its preliminaries. In 1923 during the fortnight before the Dempsey-Firpo affair its editorial management considered 768 inches sufficient space to satisfy the appetite of its readers for information. On the other hand it devoted almost 2200 inches in 1921 to enlightening its customers about the preparations for the fight between Dempsey and Carpentier. Of course it was the international aspect of the last event and the necessity of publishing European as well as American news and comment which accounts for the excess in 1921. That it should have taken a thousand more inches to prepare the Times readers for the championship fight in 1926 as compared to the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

fight in 1923 and fifteen hundred more inches as compared to a corresponding fight in 1892 fairly measures the estimate which the editors of the same paper placed upon the importance as news of the three contests for the championship.

Omitting, consequently, the Dempsey-Carpentier fight as belonging to a somewhat different class, the preparations of even the least sensational American newspapers to report the precedings of the recent fight exceeded by a considerable margin every comparable preparation in the past. Just as the purses at stake were the largest on record and just as the attendance and the gate receipts reached higher totals, so the press surpassed its previous achievements in fomenting and appeasing this popular appetite for news, gossip and speculation about the approaching fight. Yet notwithstanding this colossal effort of the newspapers to furnish the eager American public with the kind of information which would enable an attentive reader to pick the winner, the net result of all this typographical sound and fury was the practically complete misinformation of their readers. Dempsey's collapse was obviously born of physical degeneracy. Yet his trainers succeeded in concealing this all-important fact, and his confiding backers were induced to place their bets at odds which in the light of his physical condition were preposterous.

The volume and intensity of popular interest in the fight, its systematic exploitation by the press and the probable effect of this commotion and tension on American popular psychology form an inviting subject of social investigation. It looks to us like the most glaring example of the sheer waste of potentially useful psychic energy which the prodigal America of today affords. Out of every 1,000 people who excited themselves about the fight, the interest of 999 could not have been anything but compensatory. Professional baseball and college football seduce their fans into a similar expenditure of emotion, but in the case of these sports, it is only fair to recognize a more general and lively infusion of positive popular participation. Millions of boys and young men play the games, and their subsequent excitement over contests for the championship is in part the survival of this active and wholesome interest. But boxing is to a much larger extent a professional sport. The people who get themselves most excited about it as a spectacle rarely participate in it as an experience. Their lives are usually devoid of opportunities and motives to exhibit courage, endurance, ability to take punishment and the other qualities which go to make up a successful prize-fighter. It is precisely because they suffer from the lack of anything heroic or thrilling in their own experience that they work themselves into a frenzy over the dubious and necessarily brutal efforts of two professional bruisers to knock each other out.

Of course men have always craved the feverish excitement which the simultaneous stimulation of both their combative and sadistic impulses is likely to arouse. As soon as any people come to enjoy comparative security and leisure and are no longer obliged to take risks and incur sufferings in their own defense, they invent means of wagering their goods or their feelings on the skill, the endurance, the courage, the sufferings, the injuries, the bloodshed, the defeats and the victories of professional gamblers and gladiators. In this respect Americans of today are no different from the people of other times and countries. Nevertheless the way in which our fellow-countrymen now chew upon the cud of a fight for the heavyweight championship is a new social fact whose processes and consequences deserve to be watched. It is new because it involves a longer and more voluminous leakage of emotional energy than ever before, and because the promotion of occasions for this dissipation has become enormously profitable for so many thousands of people. Prize-fighting in America is now a vested interest comparable in its economic importance and in the number of its promoters and parasites only to the gladiatorial spectacles of the Roman Empire.

This vested interest is obviously destined still further to grow. It provides many thousand people with a sufficient motive for satisfying a peremptory popular need. The steadily increasing numbers of American urban residents enjoy greater security, prosperity, comfort and leisure than any similarly large body of people have ever enjoyed. Their prosperity enables them to secrete a huge and possibly salutary surplus of psychic energy, but at present they are not moved to use this surplus in the interest of a better quality of human life. They are restless, impatient, highly suggestible and avid for amusement and excitement. They respond eagerly and in huge numbers to the opportunity which commercialized sport, combat and drama offer for taking an intense but vicarious interest in the defeats and victories of the stadium, the ring and the movie lot. They would not respond in this way were they not in part bored and in part released by their work in the factory and office. They seek compensation for the tedium and expression for their increased energy by whipping up lively interests in wholly useless plays and competitions. Hundreds of thousands of people live and prosper by sedulously cultivating this interest. At its present rate of growth the businesses of supplying entertainments, spectacles, fights, joy-rides, sports and other means of distraction to the American people will together form the major American economic and social activity.

Obviously it is desirable that the American people should possess an abundant moral and economic surplus. It is no less desirable that they should spend their surplus in economically wasteful occupations. But unfortunately the economic waste is associated in this instance with the waste of human life. For a people pay not only for their amusements, their sports, their play and their vicarious combats out of their economic and emotional sur-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

plus but also for their art, their poetry, their music, their moral and social aspiration and their religion. If they become too much absorbed in compensatory distractions from the tedium of their daily lives, they will dissipate the intellectual and moral energy which they need to foresee and to confront their social and political abuses—the energy without which they cannot create forms to express the vital aspect of their experience or to try out costly experiments in social and personal enhancement. Human nature being what it is, prize fights doubtless have a certain place in the moral and social economy of contemporary society, but a people who pay $2,000,000 to witness a fight for a title and an indefinite number of millions in tiresome and futile verbal mastication of dubious information about its outcome are spending their economic surplus to cheapen their own lives. Only second or third rate men and women who have nothing but insignificant objects and successes to fight about and to live for will dissipate their emotions by interesting themselves so much, so long and so vainly in picking the winner of a contest for the heavyweight championship.

Electric Power as an Issue in Politics

As the fall elections approach, candidates are casting about for reasons to justify their appeals for support. But issues are not promising. The Republicans are gliding along on the tide of things as they are, prating of prosperity. The Democrats are calling attention to the lack of prosperity in the textile industries, the soft coal mines, the corn belt, but they have no accredited method of restoring it where it has vanished. No great body of voters will trust them to carry through a genuine tariff reform, and many voters who traditionally ought to want low tariffs are lukewarm or confused about the matter. The South is now a manufacturer as well as a grower of cotton. The Mid-West farmers really desire, not the abolition of tariff privilege, but its extension to include themselves. The eastern factory workers have often been fooled on this issue. And what can the Democrats do with the issue of further tax reduction when it is so easy to prove that to reduce would risk a deficit, and the high priest of low taxes, whom the Democrats so docilely followed during the last session, is against them? The World Court is remote and moves few in these days of self-withdrawal. Prohibition, though it will influence millions of votes, has been tabued as an issue between the parties.

A first class issue would have characteristics that none of these has. It would not in the first place have been stamped with the hall-mark of political bunkum and so be easily recognizable as something that is heard of only during campaigns. It would be something fresh and appealing to the taste of this age when everyone is obsessed by mechanical toys such as the automobile, the radio, the motion pictures. It would promise benefit to farmers and city folk alike, to East and West, to North and South. The benefit would be, not something distant and indirect, but personally felt by individual voters. And, though we hesitate to mention it in the presence of politicians, a good issue would furnish a well knit policy which would produce results after election as well as during it, and would be capable of defense and extension as the years roll by. To seize and elaborate such an issue would require courage and imagination; but courage and imagination sometimes earn rich rewards.

There is, we believe, an issue of this sort waiting for espousal. Let the candidate begin by asking how many housewives would like, but cannot afford to operate, an electric range. How many farmers would find their labor problem alleviated if they could have current cheaply enough to use electric motors not merely for pumping, but for threshing, milking and many other farm operations? The electric age is here, but its beneficial effects have scarcely been felt in the household, on the farm, and in the small manufacturing establishment. Why? Not because the necessary mechanical devices have not been invented, but because current is too high or not available.

We are informed by the National Popular Government League, on the basis of figures which appear reliable, that the household of the Rev. J. J. Morton, of Hamilton, Ontario, had in 1924 thirty-nine electric lights, a Westinghouse electric range with four top burners and an oven, a Hoover sweeper, a two-burner hot plate for boiling clothes, a roaster, an electric iron and a grill. For operating this equipment two months in the winter he was charged $7.99, or at the rate of about $50.00 a year. This agency also tells us that in the same year the same equipment and the same amount of current would have cost, for the two months, $50.88 in Lafayette, Ala., $49.00 in Little Rock, Ark., $61.79 in Jackson, Miss., $36.39 in New Orleans, $39.62 in Louisville, $27.30 in Knoxville, Tenn., and $40.72 in Nashville, $40.90 in Asheville, N. C., $39.70 in Columbia, S. C., $35.43 in Atlanta, $22.74 in Cincinnati, etc. Try it on your own meter. (The reading was 624 kilowatt hours.)

Why the difference in favor of the Rev. Mr. Morton? In the first place, of course, because the power of Niagara has been harnessed to electric generators. No ordinary city station burning coal could compete with that. But also because Ontario has developed and owns the generating plant, and sells the current without inflationary profit to the city of Hamilton, which distributes it to consumers.

Not every region is located near enough such sources of water power to benefit equally, whatever the ownership or control. But several of the cities

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

mentioned above could tap Muscle Shoals, which can generate power at a cost of from 2 to 6 mills per kilowatt when the plant is in full operation, and can transport it three hundred miles for about 2 mills. (The Hamilton retail rate for Mr. Morton averaged 1.28 cents per kilowatt hour.) There are also the projected developments for the eastern United States on the Niagara and St. Lawrence, in Maine waters, on the Delaware River and elsewhere. There is the projected Boulder Canyon dam in the Southwest. There are Mississippi developments, and those on the Pacific Coast. Nobody can deny that substantially larger amounts of power can and will soon be generated in most regions of the United States, at substantially lower cost.

The next Congress is to decide whether the Muscle Shoals station is to be operated by the government and if so on what terms, or turned over to private utilities or manufacturers. It is to decide whether the Boulder Canyon dam is to be built and federally operated. The next legislature of New York is to decide whether the St. Lawrence and Niagara projects are to be state operated or licensed to the power companies. Many localities are directly interested in immediate decisions of this kind. All have an indirect interest in what general policies become established.

We know that in Ontario, where power is publicly owned and distributed, costs are low to retail consumers and current is widely used. The apologists for the utilities say that this is partly because some of the costs are concealed and charged up to taxation. That is a matter that can and ought to be investigated and debated. Both parties to the controversy admit that the low prices to retail consumers in Ontario arise partly because relatively higher rates than in the United States are charged to manufacturers and other large consumers. Here is a chance for a real divergence of policy. Should manufacturers be given a five-to-one or even a seven-to-one advantage in power cost over farms and homes, as is the prevailing practice in this country, or does individual convenience and encouragement of agriculture outweigh the slightly larger cost of power that low retail rates would entail to industry? Does the individual consumer reap enough advantage from lower industrial power costs to make up for his restricted use of current? We emphatically do not believe it. Here is a real lever for farmers who are worried about the superior competitive advantage of manufacturing.

A candidate who wanted to seize this issue could, we believe, arouse interest and support by a campaign along the following lines. "I am for the cheapest and largest supply of electric power possible for farms and homes. My slogan is, 'An electric hired man in every farmyard, an electric maid in every kitchen.' I am not a dogmatic advocate of government ownership; but also I am not an adherent of the utility companies. Neither Mr. Insull nor his associates has given a million dollars to my campaign fund. The utility companies say the government is inefficient and cannot properly manage power. Perhaps they are right. On the other hand, we know that Ontario renders cheap and good service to retail consumers. We know that public regulation has not kept down private utility profits, that utility lawyers and accountants have devised all sorts of intricate ways to get rates up and keep them up, and that the public is well-nigh helpless in the face of the complexities of valuation, commission control and court review. We also know that it is the policy of private utilities to charge far more to retail consumers than to factories.

In view of the uncertainty of the question I believe in keeping an open mind and trying an intelligent experiment to discover the truth. The private utility companies want all electric power turned over to them. They do not want to give the government a chance to see what it can do. I am against such a decision in advance of trial. Let the government which has built and is now operating Muscle Shoals keep it according to the Norris bill and sell the power to municipalities or farmers' coöperatives which want to buy it, as well as to private companies which states or municipalities wish to enfranchise. Let the government build and operate Boulder Canyon Dam. Let New York try her hand in a similar way. In other words, let federal and state governments see what they can do before they surrender more of their power properties into private keeping. We shall then find out something about the possibilities of power cost and distribution. We shall have a check on the big private companies already in operation. We shall introduce a wholesome competition into the monopolistic power situation, which may be more effective than commission control. If the experiment fails, I shall be the first to urge abandoning it. We can easily turn the public's properties over to the power companies; we cannot easily get them back."

This is, to be sure, an elementary beginning at dealing with a highly complex situation. But it is a wholly possible one, and elaboration of it seems to us no more intricate or impracticable than sound treatment of tariff or taxation.

THE NEW REPUBLIC

PUBLISHED WEEKLY AND COPYRIGHT, 1926, IN THE U. S., BY THE NEW REPUBLIC, INC., 421 WEST 21ST STREET, NEW YORK
HERBERT CROLY, PRESIDENT, DANIEL MEBANE, TREASURER

EDITORS

HERBERT CROLY BRUCE BLIVEN ROBERT LITTELL
ALVIN JOHNSON GEORGE SOULE STARK YOUNG
ROBERT MORSS LOVETT

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS

JANE ADDAMS JOHN DEWEY EDMUND WILSON
GILBERT SELDES E. C. LINDEMAN LEO WOLMAN
WALDO FRANK

RATES: SINGLE COPIES, FIFTEEN CENTS; YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION, FIVE DOLLARS; CANADIAN, FIVE DOLLARS AND FIFTY CENTS; FOREIGN, SIX DOLLARS; THREE MONTHS' TRIAL, ONE DOLLAR

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Meaning of the Chinese Crisis

THE factor in China which must chiefly be reckoned with is the new nationalism. "China for the Chinese" has just as much right to be respected as "Japan for the Japanese," or "Rule Britannia," or "America forever." As the Chinese crystallize their feelings into purposes, President Wilson's principle of the self-determination of nations seems to them an undeniable right. Whoever interferes with that self-determination is considered by new China to be hostile.

The Chinese do not believe in "the dictatorship of the proletariat." They are natural republicans. They have had local self-government for ages. The most respectable classes amongst them are everywhere the students, the men with degrees and the elders. The proletariat has never dreamed of dictatorship or even partnership in power, though recently they have been feeling themselves out in organized strikes.

China is bent on self-determination, and what obstacles does she find? I will interpret the Chinese view, if I can, not the foreign. China finds the powers controlling nearly fifty coast cities and river ports. They regulate and collect the customs dues, and control the customs forces and revenues. They centre large fleets of warships off China's well-nigh defenseless coast. They patrol the great inland waters of China with ships flying foreign flags and armed with guns, officers and marines. They guard the one hundred miles from the sea to the capital. They have fortified with vast works strategic points off the coast and along the mainland. They maintain supplies of munitions on land and water. They forbid China's officials to exercise jurisdiction over the modern cities which have been built up during the past eighty-four years through trade by the buying of Chinese goods and selling foreign goods to the Chinese—their own trade, just as trade in American ports is American trade. The powers interfere everywhere with the internal administration. They flout the sovereignty of China. They back this or that rebel against the state, or this or that governor or general. They foment turmoil. Their trade and residential cities in China are vast centres of intrigue and interference.

These foreigners from abroad want quiet that they may make profit. But there is no prospect of quiet until China passes through vast internal struggles. What is the nature of these struggles? In Japan in 1868 at the battle of Fushimi, the reformers and liberators of Japan defeated the reactionaries, and the Meiji era began. China will not have national cohesion until the present ferment works itself out. Without this fermentation there can be no new China. With fermentation there is bound to be eruption. When President Yuan Shi-kai died in 1916, his lieutenants and appointees divided the country between them, leaving only a semblance of national unity. These men maintained their hold on provinces, or groups of provinces known as viceroyalties, by enlarging the provincial militia into provincial armies. There have been great quantities of surplus military supplies available for this purpose since 1918.

The "red menace" in the north made Japan reluctant to withdraw from Siberia, and made it seem essential to her, upon withdrawal, that Manchuria should stand as a bulwark against Russian penetration. Since that time General Chang Tso-lin, Chinese civil and military ruler of Manchuria, has done just as Japan wanted him to do and, oddly enough, has not lacked for munitions or military aid though he had neither factories, raw materials nor trained lieutenants in Manchuria.

In central China, where Britain has her vast sphere of influence, General Wu Pei-fu found his career not in the development of education, commerce, mines, factories and the public health of the vast Yangtse valley, but as a military tyrant. He attempted to crush General Chang who, from Manchuria, proposed to dictate the policy of China at Peking, the capital. It would not suit the other powers for China to have a Japanese protectorate, even with non-official status. So Wu fought Chang. Wu was routed, but Chang learned a lesson. There came a greater menace to the powers by far, namely, the idea that the Chinese might master and control their own affairs by backing the nationalist party. Wu from his central China sphere, and Chang from his northeastern Manchurian headquarters, agreed to settle their differences, and thereupon jointly assailed the nationalist leader, General Feng Yu-hsiang.

Feng had no idea of becoming dictator of China. He notified his rivals that he would withdraw from the capital and that he thought the civil government should take control. They neither believed him nor would treat with him on this basis. Negotiations, however, brought about a national conference of the various factions and won the consent of the Canton government. But all these fair hopes were dynamited by the public excitement and the national boycott of Great Britain and Japan, growing out of the shooting of students by British officers and police in Shanghai in 1925. So Generals Wu and Chang started in to eliminate Feng, to efface him from China. The foreign nations, by joint proclamation, forcibly held open Feng's only port, Taku. His enemies were allowed to enter and fall upon him while the foreign countries held the gates wide. Feng was to be outlawed. His only source of munitions was from the north, from Germany, through Siberia. He was backed

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

by the Kuomintang or nationalist party, the party of all the reformers, and most of the republicans. It was not the party of the tuchuns and military generals. It was not the party of the satraps or of the monarchists. But Feng, while a great rallying centre, was not strong enough to master China. From the standpoint of those powers who want a subservient China, who want quiet and trade, who want ancient treaties to remain in force, Feng was a dangerous man. He actually wanted to free China!

How could he be stopped? The accusation of bolshevism was sent broadcast, but did not weaken his hold with the nationalists because they knew its shallowness and hypocrisy. Feng had already withdrawn from Peking, personally. He was anxious to engage his forces in road building, great works of irrigation, town-planning—he never kept his troops in barracks or idly drilling. His peaceful projects for the good of all absorbed his hopes. He made out of his army a working and reclaiming force. But it was not to be. Wu and Chang, arch-enemies two years before, were now united against him. They came over hundreds of miles of railway from the south as well as from the northeast. They had all kinds of military equipment and were greatly superior in force. Feng retreated behind the Great Wall and the hills, drawing his material meanwhile from the only source open to him, namely the north.

But now a new force arrives on the tumultuous scene. Up from the far south of China comes an army. It marches, victorious, as far as from New Orleans to St. Louis, while we hear almost nothing about it. It rides to railhead, it marches over the passes into southern Hunan, captures the great capital of Changsha, dominates the Tung Ting, the great lake of China, and reaches the Yangtse River itself. This river runs east from the west across China, as though the Mississippi arose in the Sierra Nevada, cut through the Rockies, flowed through the western and middle states and emptied into the Atlantic at New York. At a point corresponding to St. Louis is Hankow, a city of a million people. Across the Yangtse is Wuchang—the viceregal seat as large as Cincinnati—and immediately to the west across the Han River which has its confluence here with the Yangtse, is another city as large as Indianapolis, filled with arsenals and modern steel mills and employing thousands of men. This triumvirate of cities was captured by the Cantonese in the late summer of 1926.

Who are these Cantonese? They are the people who defied Britain last year, absolutely closed out British trade of every description, put on a boycott against Hongkong, the British fortified island of commerce, and nearly strangled its economic life. To reorganize themselves and "get ready for self-determination," Canton called upon two sets of people—modern, educated, civilian Chinese and—Russian military teachers. The Russians would turn the system into a Chinese Soviet. The Chinese reformers were passionate adherents of the Kuomintang; that is, they were republicans, followers of Sun Yat Sen. For long months there was a great internal struggle in Kwan-tung Province, of which Canton, with an estimated population of two millions, is the capital. The Russians were losing out. They were infinitely small in numbers and the modern educated Chinese who headed the Kuomintang were gaining the upper hand in their own affairs.

Then General Wu in central China and Chang in the northeast proceeded to drive General Feng into Mongolia. This united the Cantonese factions. They got ready, behind the almost impenetrable screen of their boycott. Until they captured Hankow in the centre of the British sphere of influence, no one paid much attention to their military pretensions. But now the British traders are in a towering rage. Their fleets of commerce ply the Yangtse River daily carrying thousands of passengers and great commerce as well. General Wu Pei-fu, their adherent, cannot help them. He is away with his army hundreds of miles to the north. Such forces as he has rallied have been beaten easily by the Cantonese on the Yangtse.

Now comes a tragic bit of opera bouffe. In the Yangtse River, far up beyond the Yangtse Gorges in the far west of China, the British ran foul of their near-ally, a sub-general of Wu Pei-fu who was fighting for the very cause the British support. In a mix-up in the turbid river, one of their ships is said to have swamped the Chinese cargo boats which were transferring some of the Chinese general's men and his treasure, destined no doubt to pay the army. They and it were lost. The altercation which followed led to reprisals and to bombardment and to the killing of some hundreds, perhaps thousand of civilians, in the course of the demolition of part of the city of Wanhsien, 1200 miles from the sea at Shanghai and 600 miles up the river beyond Hankow. This action China has brought before the League of Nations.

The Christian powers are insisting upon measures against China, treaties and conditions which impinge upon her sovereignty and make internal unity impossible. Their civil and military occupation of China, and control of suborned Chinese who do their bidding, keep her distraught, racked and torn by factions. Russia on the other hand, seeing a hopelessly small number of radicals in China, and with commercial interests of subordinate nature, is encouraging the natural aspirations of China. Therefore, the Chinese argue, Russia is not only their friend, but their only friend. The Chinese republicans and nationalists hate the idea of the dictatorship of the proletariat. They propose to establish real republican institutions. Yet they look toward Russia simply because all other nations are mere cold spectators of their troubles, selfish meddlers in their internal affairs, or working to defeat their legitimate aspirations.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Most of the reformers are American educated. But even America, the ostensible friend of China, has been manœuvred into the European-Japanese bloc, until her influence as an independent friend has been nearly liquidated. If America would espouse the national cause she would have vast influence over Chinese affairs. During all the modern history of China, America has been her traditional friend, but when it comes to a showdown there is no firm American policy that China can rely upon. On the contrary, we have taken our own line in European affairs. Can we not again have a distinctive American policy in the Orient?

ROBERT E. LEWIS.

British Labor in Confusion

A Report on the Recent Trade Union Congress

THE British Trade Union Congress of 1926 may best be described as negative. Over its proceedings there rested throughout the shadow of the miners' stoppage; and that was sufficient to prevent any critical discussion of the outstanding issues. There were four things of moment in its proceedings: the able address of the chairman, Mr. Arthur Pugh; the passionate scene of indignation against Mr. J. Bromley, the leader of the Locomotive and Fireman's Union, who had published an angry attack on the miners' leadership during the national strike; the opposition from all the big unions (except the miners') to a grant of further powers to the General Council; and the plea that economy made impossible for the present the establishment of a Trade Union College at Easton Lodge, the mansion given to the labor movement for that purpose by Lady Warwick.

Mr. Arthur Pugh, this year's chairman, was the chief figure in the General Council during the critical days of last May. He is a small man, unimpressive in appearance, and without great powers of speech. He belongs to the moderate wing of labor, has done much for workers' education, is widely-read and everywhere respected both for character and for skill as a negotiator in committee. His address was remarkable for three things. In the first place, he did not seek to make any apologies for the national strike. He treated it as the inevitable outcome of the deliberate policy of the mine owners and the shuffling incompetence of the government. He insisted that any similar attempt in the future to impose impossible terms upon a union without negotiation must be followed by a similar stoppage. He urged, secondly, that only nationalization can solve the mining question, but that nationalization, of itself, is insufficient; it must be accompanied by a real will to remake the spirit of the industry, a thing impossible of accomplishment so long as the present ownership continues. He made, thirdly, a persuasive plea for the reëxamination, in terms of the new economic theories, of the basis upon which the product of industry is divided. If the trade unions would appoint a commission, to include such men as Webb, Tawney and William Graham, to report upon this problem, it would certainly do constructive service to the whole trade union movement.

The executive permitted no discussion of the national strike; and we still await the official explanation of its policy. There was, however, reflected in the proceedings some indication of the attitude taken by the rank and file. The hostile reception to Mr. Bromley was an indication that labor is not in the mood, as yet, to take patiently any criticism of Mr. Herbert Smith and Mr. Cook; and the latter's magnificent reception was above all a tribute to his courage as a fighter against impossible odds. But it was clear that there is no unity among the unions upon the lessons of the strike. Mr. Clynes and Mr. Cramp both evidently regard the effort as a failure which should not be repeated; and it will be in defiance of their will if the movement seeks to change from its present loose structure to a more centralized and offensive organization. Some of the lesser figures are plainly impatient with this attitude. They want a council that can act as a general staff in the battle against capitalism, with a greater recognition of the solidarity of labor than the present methods of organization makes possible. The issue between the parties depends upon the view one takes of the class war. To Mr. Clynes it is a bridge to be closed; to his critics it is the basis upon which to build for future action. The conflict between these views will be long and difficult, for there is much to be said on both sides. But it is not wise to prophesy that the issue will be resolved less by the arguments of the contestants than the policy of the employers upon wages, and of the Baldwin government upon the position of trade unions. If the latter is at all drastically restrictive, few can doubt that the rank and file will have no use for the cautious conservatism of Mr. Clynes.

A regrettable interlude in the Congress was the reception of a letter from Mr. Tomsky, the leader of the Russian trade unions. He was to have been the fraternal delegate to the Congress from Russia; but the Home Secretary, who is probably the most stupid English politician since Lord Sidmouth, refused him permission to land. Mr. Tomsky accordingly sent a letter in which he lectured the British movement roundly for its sins. Mr. Thomas, he explained, was a traitor; the General Council had no right to end the general strike when it did; and the sooner the Russian model is imitated the better for Great Britain. The Congress endorsed

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

a caustic reply from its executive suggesting that Mr. Tomsky should mind his own business and speak of things he knows something about. Mr. Cook, one gathers, thinks that the Russians were right. A critical observer might fairly say that Mr. Cook is so blinded by the great help Russian trade unions have given the miners as to be quite unable to see their policy in due perspective. Mr. Tomsky, broadly, is asking for a move which would begin in revolution and end in hopeless defeat. Since the labor movement in England is overwhelmingly anti-communist it is difficult to see why it should act against its own principles and experience merely to fulfil the canons of Russian industrial strategy.

It was probably impossible in this Congress to get a realistic discussion of the place and functions of the General Council in the structure of labor; that can come only after the position of the Council in the general strike has been thoroughly weighed. Those who pleaded in the debate on industrial organization for One Big Union can legitimately make the point that the interests of the workers are interdependent; but they have certainly given no thought to the problems of organization and administration involved. The older leaders, like Mr. Clynes, on the other hand, have no thought of the labor movement except in terms of the present capitalist structure; and they lack any conception of a scientific planning of labor forces. So long as unions like the Seamen's and Firemen's can consistently act as the lackey of the employers, so long, also, as there is absence of concerted policy among the workers on railways and in mines, it is clear that sectionalism does grave damage to the strength of trade unionism. Mr. Bevin was doubtless right in pleading for evolutionary change; but it must be by deliberate plan if the forces of labor are to realize their potentialities.

The worst side of the Congress was shown in the educational debate. The Council proposed to raise fifty thousand pounds by a penny levy for the proper equipment of Easton Lodge as a trade union college. The motion was defeated, mainly through the solid vote of the miners, on the grounds of economy. Some of the speeches made in opposition to the proposal were ludicrous; Mr. Jack Jones, M. P., for instance, spoke as though all education were an insult to the workers. Despite the crisis, a penny levy means nothing to the unions, and the loss of a year is a tragedy in a great cause. Nothing is more likely to help those who are hostile to a great move forward in education than the knowledge that the unions themselves are in the same mood of economy as the egregious Lord Eustace Percy. One great speech on the other side would, I believe, have swung the Congress the other way. It was not forthcoming and, for the first time in its history, the Congress showed itself hostile to an educational advance.

Certain minor features may be noted. Everywhere there was deep resentment against that veiled martial law, the Emergency Powers act; one delegate told me that in any industrial constituency its operation has been worth three thousand votes to labor. A woman's congress was held simultaneously with the men's for the first time; and it was notable, above all, for the indisposition of the women delegates to accept the tame resolutions proffered for their acceptance by the General Council. I prophesy that five years from now the Women's Congress will be intellectually more inspiring and more radical than the men's. The small influence of the communists and the professional "left-wingers" was as notable as their barrenness in ideas. Phrases like "a better fight" and "sterner measures" sound well in Hyde Park; but the delegates are men who have to translate them into the concrete terms of daily action and they are no longer spellbound by eloquence. And the communists, as always, are too little skilful in making their tactics known before they are applied. One of them, for instance, issued a printed form of advice to his delegates which the latter kindly left in the hall to be collected by a conservative leader a day before their operation was due; and since the Congress dislikes nothing so much as the interference of an outside body, they were discredited beforehand. It is difficult to forget the great welcome given to the new editor of the Daily Herald, Mr. William Mellor. An Oxford man, an uncompromising socialist, a conscientious objector who has been in prison for his beliefs, he represents a new type in the direction of that paper; and it will undoubtedly lose, under his control, much of the "fluffiness" and sentimentality which characterized the régime of his predecessor.

It has not been an inspiring Congress. There is a sense that the movement is at the parting of the ways. There is a deep anxiety to gather the lessons of recent experience. There is a sense of the need for new plans and new ideas. The older leaders lack the power they once possessed; but no new ones have arisen to take their place. The movement has to do some hard thinking in the next months if it is to advance. The hopeful thing is the feeling the Congress fostered that those with something to say will win a ready hearing.

London. HAROLD J. LASKI.

To a Child Who Stared at a Clock

Look on the face of Time, old, blind and bland—
Remark his cautious pulse that never quickens,
Behold one bustling, one quiescent hand;
Of the sweet, virtuous voice that never thickens
In the night, nor naps at noon, O Tiny One,
Be deferent to the tone! Hark how precisely
He strikes you out of sleep, and "Day is done,"
He warns, and "Bread is baked," announces nicely.
Encircled in his twelve banalities,
Round out your rut of days, live safe, die cozy,
His petulant minutes serve, his calm hours please,
His gray-eyed workman, but his wastrel, rosy,
Roofless, smiling, insolent, never be,
Lest you lose Time and find Eternity.

WINIFRED WELLES.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Currency Jugglers

DENMARK, in common with all the other countries of western Europe, belligerent and non-belligerent alike, suffered suspension of specie payments during the World War and a great inflation and depreciation of currency. Even some years after the War the Danish crown, measured either internally by the general wholesale price index or externally by the quotations of exchange, was much below its pre-war gold parity value. The return to normal in the monetary matters of that country might have been achieved by resumption of specie payments to eliminate the hazard arising from fluctuations of a "paper exchange," but a resumption with full recognition of the new price dispensation that had obtained for nearly ten years and the adjustment of the economic life of the country to it. Upon a "devaluation" basis, say, of 75 percent of parity, there could have been successful resumption with a minimum of shock to established economic relations, and at the same time substantial justice would have been accorded to all long-run financial interests—both the new interests that had arisen during and since the War and the old coming down from an earlier period. There was no occasion for a resumption in the spirit of revolutionary restoration.

But in practically all countries of western Europe except the Central Powers and France the creditor class, and especially that section of the creditor class which had grown rich during the War, would not listen to this proposal. On the contrary their plans were laid to bring about, cost what it might to others, a resumption of specie payments and stabilization of exchange on the basis of full parity. And these reactionary plans have been carried out, as in Great Britain a year ago, or they are in process of execution, as at the present time in Denmark.

I

So much for the setting of the stage; now for a development of the motive of the chief character in the piece and the leading features of his modus operandi. It should be realized fully, at the outset, just what the war-time makers of profits did chiefly with their profits. Some of the money that flowed into their coffers, through a vastly increased volume of sales, with decidedly enhanced prices, they spent on luxurious living; some of it they devoted to enlarging the plant and working capital of their own business; but most of it they invested in long-term, fixed payment securities. The business classes as a whole everywhere came out of the War with their safe deposit boxes bulging with national government bonds, with municipal bonds, and with the bonds of private business corporations. In Denmark there would be in the possession of the new-rich individuals, and the old-rich individuals now richer still, many securities, for example, representing the war-time flotations of the corporations engaged in ship owning and operating.

The combined creditor classes in Denmark, as elsewhere, have been ruthless in their policy of deflation looking to resumption of specie payments, not on any equitable devaluation basis but at full par. They saw the opportunity for a killing—for a grand cashing in of their war-time profits—by bringing it about that the principal and interest of securities bought with cheap units of currency should be paid with dear units of currency. The motive, the mechanism used, and the results, have been obscured by complications and cross currents in a large country like Great Britain; they have been clear and unmistakable in a small country like Denmark.

The creditor classes in Denmark have, by the way, used as their chief agent the Nationalbank, a central banking institution possessing the sole right of note issue. The other commercial banks have acted with it; but the central bank has set the pace, and, with some collaboration by the government, has manœuvred the value of the currency month by month to its present position.

During November, 1920, the unit of Danish currency, as measured by the course of New York exchange, stood on the average at the low point of 13.41 cents, or almost exactly 50 percent of par—par being 26.80 cents. From that point it was advanced, somewhat irregularly, by manipulation consisting basically in credit restriction, to 21.66 (80.8 percent of par) in June, 1922. Then for nearly two years the manipulators lost control of the situation (probably by reason of the difficulties of Germany culminating in the occupation of the Ruhr) and the rate of exchange sagged off, on the whole quite regularly month by month, until a new low of 15.68 cents (58.8 percent of par) was reached in March, 1924. From that time onward, however, the forces of deflation have been completely dominant and exchange has constantly advanced, with no important set-backs, up to the present time. At first, this advance was steady and moderate—from 15.68 cents for March, 1924, to 19.11 cents for June, 1925. This rate of improvement, 1.4 percent a month, if continued would have brought the international value of the crown to where it is now, by about the middle of 1927.

II

But the forces behind the policy of appreciation were not content with this progress toward their goal; they now saw their opportunity for real action. An extensive strike and lockout (much more lockout than strike) which began in March, 1925,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and affected nearly all the urban industries of Denmark, had been brought to a conclusion in June; and meanwhile the widely advertised and much lauded gold standard bill (resumption at full par) had been enacted into law, in April, 1925, in Great Britain. The psychological moment, to use a hackneyed phrase, had come. As a football team gathers itself to put the ball over for a touchdown, or at least to gain distance, so did the creditor classes and their agents in Denmark now gather themselves to put the crown up to within striking distance of par. During the next three months—July, August and September—the screws of contraction and liquidation were applied mercilessly.

Lest this language be thought merely rhetorical, let me here digress in order to present corroborative statistical data. As compared with the beginning of the year 1925, the note circulation of the Nationalbank stood in June at 102.6 percent, and at the end of September it had been reduced to 94.3 percent. The loans and discounts of the Nationalbank (much more important than the note circulation) were at the end of June, 77.8 percent of where they had stood in January, and by the end of September they were down to a flat 53 percent. If we compare September, 1925, with the average for the year 1924, the note circulation of the Nationalbank had declined to 91.3 percent, and its loans and discounts reduced to 48.87 percent.

Paralleling this curtailment of banking accommodation, there was, of course, a concurrent fall in wholesale prices, followed slowly at first by retail prices. It is through this connecting link of the price level, chiefly, that restriction of bank credit operates to raise the permanent level of the rate of exchange. Taking as a standard the Danish wholesale price index number of January, 1925, (234) as representing 100, there was a reduction of prices to 92.3 percent to and including June, and a further reduction to 71.7 percent to and including September. Although during the last three months of 1925, the manipulating forces pushed the external value of the crown only a little higher than where it had stood in September, there was a still further fall of the wholesale price level to 67.5 percent in November, with a slight recovery to 68.3 percent in December.

The direct and intended effect of all this was that the rate of exchange rose spectacularly from 19.11 cents, or 71.3 percent of par, in June, to 24.52 cents, or 91.1 percent of par, in September. With the slackened movement of advance after September, the rate was brought by the end of the year to just short of 93 percent of par. Toward the year's end there was, apparently, some alarm on the part of those in charge of the deflation that they were overdoing it, and a consequent letting-up of the pressure.

The immediate result of the drive upward during July, August and September, from 19.11 cents to 24.52 cents valuation of the crown, was most "gratifying," as commonly reported, but the mediate and collateral results were not so good. The advance of 5.41 cents in these three months does not seem great, but it must be remembered that we are concerned with a small unit of currency, not with dollars or pounds sterling. That advance of 5.41 cents in three months represented, proportionately, no less than 28.3 percent—or an average rate of advance of 9.4 percent a month. And such a thing cannot occur in any country without working general industrial disaster. A rapid rise of exchange is just as disorganizing as a rapid fall of exchange; in fact it is worse for industry, because a rapid fall of exchange usually stimulates activity and causes at least apparent prosperity. Precisely as any economist would have predicted, disaster—great disaster—came. We are dealing here not with prophecy but with history—a dark and sombre bit of history in a small corner of the continent of Europe, but illustrative of what will, alas, probably take place elsewhere.

III

At the beginning of July, 1925, everything was comparatively on an even keel in Denmark, notwithstanding the rigorous policy of deflation, with consequent stringency in the money market, that had been pursued consistently for some years. The country was rapidly recovering from the great lockout which had ended in June. Unemployment was about what was customary at that time of the year, exports and imports were normal and there were about the usual number of commercial failures for the month, as compared wtih the same month a year before.

Then presently an American observer in Copenhagen (in a dispatch of July 24) reported that the full prosperity that had been expected to follow the settlement of the labor troubles "had not materialized, owing to currency appreciation, tightness of money and falling prices." From that time forward he had nothing but bad news to send—growing commercial failures, mounting unemployment, increasing general economic disorganization and stagnation, until before long the country was, by his account, in the throes of a financial crisis and industrial depression of the first class.

At first exports fell off and imports of articles of final consumption increased, the latter phenomenon causing demands for tariff protection by the organized manufacturers. (What a flood of light, by the way, is thrown by this incident on Premier Baldwin's various opportunistic protectionist measures, enacted into law as palliatives during the past year in a country going through much the same sort of experience!) In Denmark the industrialists did not obtain the enactment of higher protective tariffs, but were granted, instead, subsidies and the remission of certain customs duties on imports of raw materials. These measures of relief came late, however, after both exports and imports had fallen off by

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

reason of the general stagnation. The Danish parliament, besides the various forms of relief granted to particularly distressed industries, voted considerable sums for the direct and general public relief of the unemployed. All these things were obviously mere poultices applied to the symptoms of the disease; not at all remedies to lessen the causes of it. The disease has been in fact allowed to spread, undiagnosed and unchecked, until in a communication from Copenhagen of January 29, 1926, published here February 8, 1926, one reads: "at its present height, the depression is more serious than that which culminated in the post-war crisis in 1922."

The crisis of 1921-22 in Denmark was that country's portion of a worldwide bitter experience—a crisis and depression resulting naturally and inevitably as a reaction from the War and post-war boom. This crisis, now running its course in Denmark, is, on the whole, peculiar to that country, and was produced artificially and for a purpose. As one reads the dispatches week by week, going over the history of recent months, the whole thing unfolds before one like a drama—a drama surcharged with tragedy. Many people are being ruined in Denmark and ruined for life. Education of children is being interrupted, professional men are dropping out of work before their time, the assets of many businesses big and little are being depleted beyond recovery—and all wholly needlessly. And, not the least of the elements of tragedy to an outsider reading this story as thus related week by week, is that the narrator of the story—an American observer in Copenhagen—saw it all but appreciated little. He reproduces, in his own language, the statements of the Danish press and the talk of men in the streets, faithfully and with no intent to misrepresent; but occasionally the combinations of ideas in what he says are incongruous; and also occasionally the implications are most enlightening as to how the propaganda machine of the schemers in Denmark is working, or not working, at the moment. It is appropriate to add here that the present writer has not been dependent solely upon this one source of information.

IV

Already doubtless to many readers the question has occurred—how could a plan with such immediate disastrous results be consummated? Briefly, it is for the following reasons:

First, the schemers in Denmark, like schemers everywhere, are past masters at confusing the issue; and the best method of all for confusing the issue is to link an evil project with something that is generally recognized as good and desirable. In this instance, the evil scheme of forcing the monetary unit to full par in the interest of the creditor class is joined with the highly desirable object of bringing about resumption of specie payment in the interest of everybody. It is carefully kept out of sight, that all the commercial advantages of specie payment may be gained by resumption at some value of the unit of currency less than par. It is represented that the country must have resumption at full par, or nothing.

Second, the deflationists in Denmark have shown themselves to be adepts in the very common practice of magnifying the inconsequential in debate. The form this astuteness usually assumes is to take an unfair advantage of any slip in the argument of opponents. Thus in Denmark, and in England also, the opponents of an unnecessary and injurious method of resumption have made the slip of arguing that it is the banks who have devised the project and who are to profit by the success of the undertaking. Quite the contrary, the bankers lose by a general business depression quite as much as anyone else; and it is noteworthy that in England, apart from the economist Keynes, the only men of eminence who have raised their voices in intelligent, adverse criticism of the rash and harmful legislation of April, 1925, have been certain bankers— notably Sir Reginald McKenna and Sir Josiah Stamp.

Third, Danish schemers are skilful at the old game of drawing a red herring across the trail; or, in less colloquial terms, skilful in diverting attention. In Denmark there has been much talk about the great, so-called strike of March-June, 1925. It has been represented that all would have been well up to the present moment, but for that unfortunate occurrence—which can be conveniently laid at the door of "agitators" and other persons not regarded as the pillars of society.

Fourth, the principals and their agents in Denmark engaged in this enterprise, in common with schemers everywhere down through the ages, have not been slow to take advantage of that weakness of human nature of wanting to be in style. It came nicely to the hand of the creditor classes in Denmark that the action of Great Britain—the well advertised and well puffed action of April, 1925, of putting across her resumption at full par—had tended powerfully to set the fashion in thought and talk about this matter the world over. That is, it had started a persistent movement in this direction in all countries that had not yet resumed specie payments, and so could be interested in taking up the new style. The recent depression and coal strike in England have not generally been identified as part of the inevitable result of deflation.

C. W. MIXTER.

September Afternoon

Swathes of flushed melon-green slide over silken-dark water,
But no wind moves keen shadow of stone on sun-bright stone;
The long grass smells of haying, as apples bring scent of winter.
Day's giant wheel turns—pleased invisibles unanimously grind their knives thereon.

BABETTE DEUTSCH.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Sluggard

On our last night together
My love rose early:
Come—said my dear—will you not come with me
To see the sun arise?

But I lay still,
Mum as a Christmas lark.
"Will you not come with me?
The clock has struck the hour,
Night wavers and the birds will soon begin."
But I lay a-mumbling:
"There'll be ten thousand dawns before we die;
One dawn is like another;
It is dark and freezing on the wold,
Do not go, I do not care to go,
Lie here and sleep again."

I heard the sharp latch fall as she went forth alone
Alone to see day break—the last of days—
Beyond the wood, that well of moving shade
From whence all shadows rise;
I heard the latch fall and I could not sleep.

The gold rays slanted on the bedroom wall
When she came back again.
She had seen the couth hills flow into the sky
And the coloring sun glide out of them,
And as the sun soared up—
A blood-red hawk from Abyssinia—
The moon came too:
His rose was in the river,
Her lily in the sky.
And O the cowslips nodding in the warren!
And the coney babe no bigger than a purse!
O the enriching beams athwart the wood,
Where the white windflowers hid their timid lips
Pondering, and buds of beech were locked in bronze!

When I arose she set the dishes out,
And cooked a haddock,
And we ate together,
And then she said Goodbye;
For she was a stranger,
Wandering far from home:
Goodbye, Goodbye.
So long, my dear and tender love,
So long.

How often now I go to greet the dawns!
I do not care for them,
It is tiring to rise and go,
And one dawn is much like another,
But I do see them often, often now,
Seeking for what may bless me in her eyes.

I shall see ten thousand dawns before I die.

A. E. Coppard.

As the Twig is Bent

EXPERT excursioning with young people into their own mental lives means many discoveries. Everybody who knows anything at all of mental happenings knows of the pictured stories that grow so easily in a child's mind; not that fantasy is absent or should be deleted from adult mental activities, but the child's sufficiently uninhibited outward display of make-believe makes for awareness of their fancies.

The finding of this well-nigh universal play of the imagination is not difficult if the gates to the mental life are opened at all for would-be explorers. Discoveries of special value and interest are to be made, however, in connection with investigations in regions where former experiences have sunk in and about which have developed mental formations that are dynamic in the production of significant behavior.

The building of a cosmogony of mental life is proving to be not so easy for psychologists—and why should it be, the mind and its activities being so difficult to seize upon and hold up to observation? But here and there are bits of mental structure and activity not so hard to appreciate. Given the constitution of the mind as already known, and given the constitution of society, particularly of the family, these matters under our present consideration seem reasonably simple of comprehension.

Experiences plus mental activities, mental activities plus experiences, whichever way about you put it, make the dynamic situation. And very frequently experiences and mental reactions thereto are both hidden, and are unknown to the onlooker, and even unrecognized in their influence by the individual to whom they belong. "Where could he possibly have seen or heard that!" "Who could have any conception that my child [variant, *any* child] would think of such things!" "How could we know that she had such a world of ideas!" are in our work typical responses of intelligent parents.

Why so hidden? Well, there are the regularly found social tabus and punishments: "Children are to be seen and not heard." Less emphatic, "Children are not supposed to know about a lot of things." Admonitory, "Children are not considered nice if they use such words." Nor are they "nice" if they talk about a lot of things they would like to talk about, just to get their minds clear of them. Then, anyone beyond very young childhood who releases to public gaze his make-believe world is considered queer, certainly a person not altogether up to dealing with what is called real. "Life, my child, is no dream." And so the world of fantasy becomes for us all a repressed world of which we are ashamed to speak. But whether it is an inert and non-influential world is another thing.

Secrecy in and for itself has its joys. To have a secret life of fancy, that is to have a refuge from the ill fortunes of the outer world. In it are the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

satisfactions of creating yourself into something known only to yourself, of playing for a time a part you desire. To have such a secret is to have power, of some sort. Secrets always have their glamor.

Now, for avoiding certain very real dangers in the growth of fantasy life we may well be in accord with our contemporary twelve-year-old essayist, Elizabeth Benson, in her cry for courtesy, justice and tolerant understanding to be accorded to children's mental lives. Add to that her own sound evaluation, as a child, of sympathetic confidences back and forth between a wise parenthood and an experiencing, mentally reacting childhood, and you have a picture of much that is most desirable for the upgrowth of satisfactory personalities.

To be sure, no child ever does tell to anyone—there wouldn't be time enough to tell—all that goes on in the inner mental life. And, of course, the adult does not. In both there are special reasons for repression. Neither wants to appear as a fool before his social world. Then, if below the surface of expressed thought there probably are important bits of mental life to explore, important because they are at the basis of significant behavior that should be understood, encouraged, or thwarted, its exploration must be a personally conducted excursion, the leader venturing hand in hand with the child, who is led forward with all the skill that practical psychology can muster and all the fineness of feeling that the most intelligent sympathy suggests.

Expeditioning in this wise, what are the discoveries?

In fantasies the conscious dreamer is to himself always somehow the hero, even perhaps in suffering and death, but most frequently in achievements and retaliations. A frail, bewildered youngster away at school tells us of oft-recurring picturings of a football game. Invariably, it seems, some of the players are injured and carried off in great pain. Tactful later inquiry brought out that these were always the same players, they were hurt through being kicked; they are the tyrants of the school, teasing, intimidating fellows. Yes, and our boy, who always played on the opposite side, was just the one who kicked them, kicked them "good and hard." In the telling, his satisfaction rang out clearly. Here developed the clue to his troubles of two or three years' standing. It had all been shrouded in the silences of school loyalties, but had broken through to the surface in a bizarre exhibition of distressing personality traits. No one had attributed these to experiences.

Fantasies have done us all a thousand good turns. We've swayed congregations to righteousness, having, it may be, admired Savonarola, or our own preacher till we have identified ourselves in creative fancies with him. And we have actually become teachers and preachers in the result. We've daydreamed ourselves into really becoming crack tennis players or sailors or manufacturers or explorers. We have in our daydreams cast the mold for our lives and loves and adventures.

It would immensely pay society to train, and obtain the services of, capable professional people for exploring the mental insides of youths who are obviously beginning a criminal career. Their motives and urges and impulses also have curious origins in experiences and mental attitudes that are not in the least taken account of in court trials or in formal attempts at reformation. And these urges and impulses go on when the law is through with the individual and the penalty paid.

The dynamic basis of misdoing often is not known or is unformulated by the misdoer himself for what it is. "I've never thought before what made me do these things," says the youngster led to making a discovery in his own mind. And this accords with the general truth that much of the time we do not know what in us makes for trends or specific forms of behavior, unworthy or worthy.

These findings from studies of, or more properly, with young people must not be taken as indicating need for technical psychoanalysis in dealing with their problems. The practical procedure falls far short of using the analyst's prolonged special method, but it must be said that occasionally parts of what that method has produced are of great service in suggesting leads and for interpretation. The quasi esotericism of psychoanalysis is not required for healthy expeditioning into the child's mind. And because of this the procedure is fraught with no danger.

In every instance I would warn against bare formulations of the different schools of dynamic psychology. It is the uncovering of the facts in the individual case, the unbiased discovery of actual facts that is needed. The richness and variety of the findings flouts any general theory.

When plain facts are searched out it is quickly found that one cannot make predictions from the same premises. For example, bad communications, obscenities are passed around in a given school. While some boys, we may note, roll these things off their minds as water rolls off a duck's back, others develop a habit of utterance of the stuff, related ideation remaining quite superficial; still others dread the words and ideas and repress the saying of them, and likely enough a marked conflict arises, with obsessions toward utterance, on the one hand, and utter disgust as an opposing phenomenon.

Brought up under identical influences, as far as one could discern, were two brothers not differing markedly in physique or intelligence. The one appeared in the juvenile court a couple of times for serious stealing which was only a part of the story of his dishonesty; his family gave an account of traits that physicians call neurotic (whatever that may mean), of restlessness, irritability, inability sometimes to eat, occasionally even nausea at the meal table. To his brother they gave a clean bill of health, with regard to both nervous and moral

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

traits. He was the good boy of the household, quiet, merry, helpful, honest.

The young malefactor after a little was willing and glad to be a co-explorer into his own mental background. There had been an experience, a year or two back, with a miserable fellow who initiated him and his brother into vulgarities and the gentle art of pilfering. How he hated those words, he never said them, the bare thought of them made him sick. If they came up in his mind (a clear distinction is made by youngsters between matters coming up in the mind and matters thought of), if they came up, thoughts of the boy and of stealing followed. The latter wasn't so bad, it wasn't disgusting. He tried it from time to time, he "got away with things," money from shops and from home. But ideas about the fellow and his obscenities made him feel cross, impatient, like not sitting still. And at meal times? Well, that was one of the times when his brother said those hated words, only then, of course, under his breath, to enjoy the discomfiture they produced. Our boy never said them, he wouldn't say such disgusting things, he avowed as he wept in the telling of the affair, but his brother did, "all the time." The boy was sent to a foster home to overcome his conditioned reflexes, his nervous symptoms, and his brother, not a sensitive but a very decent boy, was seen. He corroborated the earlier experiences, but he knew nothing of mental causations of his brother's conduct, other than response to his teasing; he promised and kept up to his promise to cease his conversational irritations, and all went well thereafter.

There are strangely powerful indignations of childhood that begin a career of undesirable behavior, one thing leading out of another (we know of such cases) till a prison sentence is received and perhaps repeated again and again. The nonchalance with which punishment is taken in some instances makes positively for refutation of the theory, mere theory it is, that punitive effort is reformative. Children (and adults) are willing to suffer for the sake of hidden urges—antisocial urges, curiously enough, as well as idealistic ones.

Or, beginning with some such situation as a parent misrepresenting to a child a matter considered important by the latter, there may ensue a chronic state of grudge, of feeling that the world is against the individual, and with reprisals on society. "He told me a lie," we have heard given more than once or twice as sufficient explanation of much general misbehavior.

Some specific events start a long chain of unfortunate ideas and actions. A "champion runaway boy" asserts that he commenced his wanderings because when he was five years of age his mother ran away; he saw her go, she went with "another man." He began leaving his very decent home at six years of age, taking long trips by one means or another. "She went, that started me. I think of her going."

Or angry words spoken. "I just think about it. I know she doesn't love me. She once said she wished I'd never been born." The youngster who blurted out this found it an excuse for long continued misconduct. Her mother had entirely forgotten that she had ever said it, but acknowledged that perhaps she had, although even so she could not see anything to her daughter's insistence that it had produced misbehavior.

Or over-puritanical teachings. A pathetic little figure whispered, "The trouble is my wicked body." This child had woven a network of self-accusation about auto-eroticism which was not far from normal, and upon the basis of terrible warnings had developed some destructive, symbolic and fetishistic practices which brought her to our attention.

Thus discoveries may be made, and with surprising frequency, and they must surely set fair-minded opinion against common laissez-faire policy concerning the content of youthful minds. There are grave dangers in leaving the mental material of childhood to settle down into some of the undesirable molds and forms and conflicts they are very likely to assume if shaped only by ordinary non-inquiring, unintelligent parental upbringings, or by the usual patterns of school régime and several (including legal) conventions. Wastages, misdirections, disappointments are reaped through the lack of understanding that represents for their elders the easier way.

Not that the deliberate professional excursioning we are speaking of is advisable where there are no symptoms of need for exploration. But because of the dynamics of hidden mental life for the production of all behavior, it may be that some day, if parents cannot do it, we shall have a profession of psychiatrists and psychologists who shall have cultivated themselves to the point of being able to find out from the child, not whether he knows that two and two make four, or can bound the state of New York, or solve a problem in geometry, but rather, what by way of imageries and ideas commands his mind and makes his personality and conduct and character, his dissatisfactions and his enjoyments.

WILLIAM HEALY.

For Them the Night

Somewhere the lovers are for whom this night
Dares to return—not here beneath low trees,
Nor slipping past the hedges, gray on white.
Not for the casual vow these lifting seas
Of luminous pallor washing earth away,
The flight of blossoms up the bending sky;
Oh, not for little lovers this faint play
Of satin-fingered winds that fold and pry!
But for the two—the two who shall draw near,
Leaving what ruin behind, what burning ships!
Two, strangely led, lost to remembrance, fear—
Madness within their eyes and on their lips.
For them the night—for them the moon in red,
And beauty walking softly with the dead.

HORTENSE FLEXNER.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Kipling's Debits and Credits

IT has now become a stock opinion to say that Kipling is "written out." A new book of short stories by him is no longer a source of excitement. Yet, is Kipling's recent work really inferior to the work he produced during the period of his popularity? The edge seems a little dulled and the color a little faded in some of the stories of this last collection; but, up to now, it seems to me, he has kept his form perhaps better than any living English writer of his generation, with the exception of Bernard Shaw. The author of Regulus and Mary Postgate in his last collection of stories before this one (A Diversity of Creatures: 1916) and the author of The Gardener and The Prophet and The Country in Debts and Credits remains, assuming the importance of his criticism of life, unmistakably a master. It is, however, precisely Kipling's views which we are nowadays unable to accept. It is not Kipling who has ceased to be interesting—surely, his later books are as enjoyable as his earlier ones: they are in some ways, indeed, superior—but we who have ceased to be interested in him.

Before examining Kipling's debits, however, let us do justice to his considerable credits. The beauties of modern machinery, of the high-powered mechanical modern world, intent only on the efficient performance of its own gigantic but prosaic tasks, have been exploited since the War by a whole school of poets, painters and musicians; but I do not think that any rhapsodist of motor cars or any photographer of Crane valves and dynamos has been artistically so successful with machinery as Kipling was long ago. If there is a literary style proper to the machine age—as to which we hear a good deal of talk just now—Kipling was surely the first to discover it—in his prose of perfect accuracy and economy and of absolutely unerring efficiency, in which the hard, short, close-fitting words have the aspect of cogs and ball-bearings. Furthermore, it seems to me plain that the whole genre of vernacular stories—I mean the kind in which we are made to see some comedy or tragedy through the half-obscuring veil of the special slang and technical vocabulary of the person who is telling it—though there were no doubt examples of it before, was principally created by Kipling. On the one hand, such a writer as Ring Lardner seems to have been more influenced by Kipling than by any other writer and I doubt whether we should ever have had Lardner's barbers and baseball players, in their present form, at least, if it had not been for Kipling's soldiers, sailors, aviators and engineers. And, on the other hand, I cannot believe that James Joyce—who has pressed into his service such varied literary inventions—would ever have written the Cyclops chapter of Ulysses, if he had never read Kipling. (Debits and Credits contains some choice and novel additions to Kipling's probably unrivaled collection of these marvelous language exhibits: the kitchen chatter of a Sussex cook, the eloquence of a Middle-Western realtor and several varieties of war slang.)

Kipling thus has a literary interest which we ought not nowadays to grudge him—a kind of literary interest to which such of his contemporaries as Wells, Bennett, Chesterton or Barrie cannot pretend at all. Kipling, indeed, in the same way as Henry James or Conrad, is a first-rate man of letters in a sense in which they are not. But where he differs from James or Conrad is in his excessively simple vision of life and in his lack of curiosity about it. James himself, in his correspondence, has an interesting passage on this subject: "In his earliest time," he writes of Kipling, "I thought he perhaps contained the seeds of an English Balzac; but I have quite given that up in proportion as he has come steadily from the less simple in subject to the more simple—from the Anglo-Indians to the natives, from the natives to the Tommies, from the Tommies to the quadrupeds, from the quadrupeds to the fish, and from the fish to the engines and screws." And we know now the only emotions which Kipling ever feels in connection with any of these things: we know that he admires discipline and authority and that he is contemptuous of theorists; that he enjoys the farces of soldiers and schoolboys; and that he is deeply moved by the sacrifices of love and the bereavements of parents. If we no longer look forward with eagerness to the publication of a new volume of Kipling, however much we may be entertained by it when we get it, it is because we know that we shall find nothing new in it. We look to the artists to whom we go eagerly to throw some fresh light on human motives, to make us see things in some new relation, to approximate more closely to the mysterious complexity of the world for which every hypothesis has turned out inadequate. But we realize now that it is no good to look for anything of this kind to Kipling. He is a moralist with a simple rule of thumb which he has no difficulty in making the most diverse races and classes, the most outlandish people, animals and machines, exactly illustrate.

It is curious to observe how simple his ideas remain—and, if it were not for the terrific intensity with which they are held, we should add, how banal—as his form becomes more complex. The infinitely intricate mosaics of his surfaces which always seem to promise to spell out some fascinating news about life have a way of composing themselves into unfamiliar symbols for familiar Christmas card mottoes, patriotic poster slogans or the commonplaces of newspaper editorials. This, at least, is what they do at their worst. At their best, they stir us with acute emotions, which, however, we tend to repudiate as soon as we begin to think about them: Sea Constables and Mary Postgate, for example (among Kipling's later stories), are really remarkable productions: in the first, an Englishman, full of hatred for America during the period of her neutrality, allows—or rather, as the story is contrived, is forced to allow—the captain of an American oil boat, which has been supplying oil to the Germans, to die unaided; in the second an elderly Englishwoman, after a young man who has grown up under her care has been killed in the War, out of hatred for the Germans, allows a fallen German aviator to die. These stories, for all I know, may render truthfully the emotions with which they are concerned: in any case, they are extremely effective. But one would feel a little more confidence in Kipling if we could only have some evidence that his ideas about humanity extended beyond the bitter partisanships of the War—if we could feel that he pitied either the unfortunate victims or their executioners, that he either deplored the general human situation which set them at each other's throats or had found some way of bearing it philosophically.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The cruelest stories of Maupassant and Zola and Octave Mirbeau after the war of '70, when the hatred of the Prussian was at its strongest, are warped by no such venomous nationalism.

So, in his stories about parenthood and childhood, where Kipling is perhaps seen at his most sympathetic—Baa-Baa Black-Sheep, They and, in Debits and Credits, The Gardener—he is content to register an effect: the tragedy of children's lives darkened by the bogies of religion; of a woman's childlessness; of the concealment of extra-legal motherhood. He is interested neither in the social and political conditions which make these situations possible; in the psychological phases through which they pass; nor in the conflict of moral attitudes which they involve. Perhaps that is the reason for his success with the short story, but not with the novel: in the novel, we should demand a good deal more than Kipling can give us.

EDMUND WILSON.

Peter and Paul

IN the hall of the Capitoline, this palace that makes a third of Michelangelo's Campidoglio, a fine row is on. The argument is really among my three companions, mostly met by chance; I listen and their voices fill with various timbres and with a rhythm of loud and soft the elegant spaces of the museum.

They are easily set forth: A—, B— and C— will do for them; and the points of view they represent are nearly as sharply typical as letters are and as familiar. A— is from Pennsylvania, a plain serious family no doubt. His pink, troubled face is full of the signs of thought, thought taken as tennis or bending exercises are, because it is good for one. His point now is earnest and troubled. This palace where these antique statues and busts and bas reliefs are collected, is much too much, he says. Such marbles, such stylish architecture all around, such gilt, color and fine materials, take away from the artistic importance of this classical art. B— is an architect, clever, gifted, loving the baroque, though in its purer forms, and full of theory and talk. He thinks the Capitoline just right. Sculpture and painting belong in buildings, he thinks, and are subordinate to architecture. This little perfect palace, so choice, so touched with personal whim and yet so superb and rich in its designs, these fine marbles and details, give to the sculptures, he thinks, a fine setting and a splendid show. C—, on the contrary, is at the other pole. He is short, well knit and impetuous, with small wrists and powerful hands, and he thinks that sculpture comes first; this muddling it up with elaborate settings, this making these Greek and Roman marbles into mere ornaments, mere fittings to please decorators and flatter rich owners, he thinks a blasphemy toward the soul and a perversion of the art of sculpture. Among the three of these gentlemen the poor Capitoline comes off badly.

We pass on out into the air, while the talk gets, as it usually does in such cases, personal. "But you," the sculptor says to the architect, "it's a devil of a lot of form you want. What you want is a façade with saints shimmying all over it; you want a space full of spaghetti, superimposed detail." This he says and more that is uncomplimentary and meant to enrage, and the architect retorts by asking what good a statue, or a picture, either, for that matter, is if you can't use it. I have a faith, he says, that the history of art will show that all great things are decorative and will go into buildings. He shouts finally: "What's the matter with you modern guys is that you can't do anything that's decorative, and you are sore because architects and decorators can't use your stuff." Meantime A—, the third of this trio, goes on murmuring about the importance of great art. I leave them there, still at it, on the stair, beneath the shadow of Marcus Aurelius on his bronze horse and close by the eagle and she-wolf that the Roman people keep in cages as living examples, brought here from the wilds, of the ancient symbols of Roman life and glory. My course is toward the Vatican and St. Peter's. I am thinking of the Pietá of Michelangelo, which I want to see again after two years' absence.

Of our three disputants the first is easily disposed of. He and his kind, so solemn, so full of sterilizing respect and laboriousness toward art, but always outside it—to creative artists they are more infuriating and antipathetic than any merely gross indifference to art could ever be. What A— says has no importance at all, since he is touching not on art, but on his serious intentions toward it. It is less easy dealing with B— and his kind, with their dream, sometimes urban and distinguished, sometimes relaxed and only de luxe, sometimes gifted with high chic, sometimes only mushily effective. B— is so clearly right about the Capitoline. You can go over the works shown there, some of it celebrated rhetorical pieces like the Dying Gaul, but most of it Roman suggestions of Greek beauty, samples of willing without the intuitive genius to create. The relief of Endymion is beautiful, the sleeping shepherd, his dog baying at the moon; but the execution is only fairly good, it is at best a lovely echo of an undying loveliness once long before perfectly expressed. The portraits are entertaining, inexhaustibly true, honest and manly. Roman head after Roman head, they are marked likenesses as anyone can see. They are admirable largely because the sculptors and subjects of them had no theory to mix them up; they merely settled on likeness as the aim of art and set down hair, wrinkles, twisted mouths, senatorial rascally physiognomies, on whatever surface they saw and left us what is more history than sculpture. Most of these statues here in the Capitoline, then, are de luxe, princes' possessions; they are rare, expensive and proud; their value is a large part of them, and so it is right that their settings, their chambers, pedestals and vistas should be luxurious and smart.

But here before the Pietá it is clear that C— is right also. He and his kind believe that if you are sincere you must at all odds do the thing as you wish it, regardless of all else. Such artists are fine and penetrating sometimes, creators whose forms tumble with life; sometimes they have only muddled surges and their works shamble about like Wagnerian overtures to creation. But C—'s objection to any architecture's or any setting's interference with the complete meaning of a statue is right when it comes to the Pietá here before me. I look at this work of the artist in his early twenties. It is academic, full of

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the pedantry of youth, as appears in the management of the draperies on the breast, the veil above the Virgin's brow, the anatomical precision of detail in the body of the dead Christ. But this academic pride is only a part of youth and of the intense and exalted passion that fills the whole work. I look at this quivering and poignant thing, the mother's face with its infinite tragedy and knowledge, the pitiful, frail body that, after the struggle and fever of his passion and crusade, comes back at last to his mother's arms and lies there now how little and fragile and dead. No architectural work should have a right to disturb this statue, all settings however glorious or magnificent are at this point subordinate to this one meaning and effect.

But the question stirred up at the Capitoline is an old one, an argument which architects and painters and sculptors have over and over again, the architects sticking for pictures and sculptures that are suited to their walls, the painters and sculptors holding out for the expression of the artist, and asking what is to become of painters and sculptors with the architects trying to make them play second fiddle to buildings and the decorators choosing any old flat, washed-out pattern of a thing over a Rembrandt or Veronese. At noon in restaurants along Lexington and Madison Avenues around the forties, you will hear the debate going on among the younger architects as they eat their salads and smoke their cigarettes; for the most part they make short shrift with their sister arts and take them but as architecture's handmaids. At every exhibition and afterwards you will hear painters cursing at what decorators and architects would do to them and holding out for the right of self-expression. In the American world of art this is one of the questions uppermost.

Before the Pietá now these three babbling and passionate defenders and followers of art on the Campidoglio stair a moment since, seem to be children pitifully laid in the arms of life. They have, however, raised a question that cannot be settled, we can only try to find the fundamentals of it.

No one of these arts, painting, architecture, sculpture, is essentially subordinate to another. A painter who engages to cover a wall in a certain room—or an architect who contracts to design an edifice that shall house certain friezes or pictures—has obviously to subordinate his particular art to the intention in hand and to take this limitation as one of the terms of his problem. But otherwise he is free for his own expression. A picture is conceivable that would not go with any wall but yet remain great painting; and we can imagine a house where any picture or statue would be out of place and yet the house be great. A work of art is measured by what it expresses. A poor picture is less than a great wall obviously, just as a poor wall is less than a great picture. A picture and a room are right together when there appears an organic relation between them, the whole is alive in one tissue or wrong and dead. If such a relation will not appear between them, it does not necessarily reflect on either one of them, exactly as a tree can fail to share the life of a horse without either's proving inferior. Each of these arts, painting or sculpture or architecture, is free; and if this were not so a great soul might be thwarted in any one of them by conditions outside his art. But while these arts are free in themselves, the connections among them are still at the same time undeniable, each one of them is a comment on the others, and doubly so since all are visual arts. The relation existing among them is exactly that between a man and the world of life about him. He is first alive by his own completeness in himself, and then by his relation to the world.

STARK YOUNG.

CORRESPONDENCE

New Jobs for Idle Women

SIR: If a mere man might venture to say so, it seems truly amazing that the ladies who find time hanging heavy on their hands (lucky ladies) do not, like Ruskin, attempt to fathom the foundations of parasitism or, if that subject is a repellent one, why do they not eschew the trickeries and futilities of politics and devote their time to the things which glorify humanity and which abide, as, for instance, the composition of a Chopin Prelude or a Beethoven or Tschaikovsky Symphony or another Hamlet or Moby Dick?

JOHN BASIL BARNHILL.

Canton, Pa.

The Synthetic Campaign Issue

SIR: The utility and futility of campaign issues is once again evident, especially in Pennsylvania. In the spring primary campaign here prohibition modification was the battle cry which won the day. Congressman Vare, boss of the Quaker City, solicited votes for the declared purpose of modifying the Volstead act. His supporters, all thoroughly wet, gave him approximately 43 percent of the vote.

But now it seems unlikely that the wet or dry issue will play any part in the fall campaign. Vare is content to forget about his crusade for light wines and beer. Instead of being the undisputed boss of the state machine and full successor of Penrose in Pennsylvania, (as T. R. B. announced in his Washington Notes of June 2) Vare has placed himself completely in the hands of the Mellon-controlled State Committee. And this body has decided, according to a recent announcement made by W. L. Mellon, its chairman, that the issue will be prosperity and the tariff.

One issue for the primaries, another for the general election—thanks to the short life of the public memory. The magic words "prosperity and the tariff" come down from White Pine Camp and are echoed by the Republican oracles, Tilson, Mellon et al., obedient to their master's voice, all along the line.

An issue, we thought, was a matter upon which there is decided difference of opinion. But is there anyone who doubts we are prosperous, unless it be the farmer? The real issues of the day are not prosperity and the tariff but primary slush funds and prohibition enforcement or modification. It is perhaps too much to expect the Republican chieftains to do anything else in the coming campaign but "soft-pedal" realities and stress imaginary questions. Should serious business depression set in, however, between now and the Presidential election of 1928, the administration will find itself hoist with its own petard. The same chameleon-like cunning and agility which now enable it to desert one issue for another will no doubt come to its rescue then and provide some new slogan to intrigue the bewildered and apathetic voter.

GEORGE B. GALLOWAY.

Philadelphia, Pa.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Mr. Wells's Newest World

The World of William Clissold, by H. G. Wells. New York: George H. Doran Company. Two vols. $5.

IN THE course of his autobiography William Clissold is reminded of a prominent historical writer who was asked to prepare a scenario for a moving picture of the history of mankind. When the plan had been agreed to in essentials the impresario raised a question. "I wonder now," he asked, "if it wouldn't be possible to run some little *story* through this series, something about a boy and his girl and a bit of trouble between them or a revenge or something of that sort. *So as to have a thread of human interest in it.*" This incident becomes a fable which applies to Mr. Wells's novel. The World of William Clissold is a large place; his survey includes the full scope of modern civilization; and in it his personal career, his boyhood struggles, his marriage, his scandal, his Provençal retirement, his romping with the red-haired Clementina in the shade, tends to become trivial and irrelevant. Mr. Wells protests against the type of novel in which the characters exist simply for the romantic purposes of fiction, in which they have no contact with the world outside the list of dramatis personæ, no ideas, and no business in life except to fulfil the requirements of the plot in which they are engaged. He cries out for "novels and plays that set out to present life aspects of history instead of stories of mating." But there is an equally false type of fiction in which the story is merely a truck for the conveyance of heavy baggage. It is a supreme triumph of the artist to articulate theme and material, to make the theme pervasive and the incident to the last fragment expressive of it—and this Mr. Wells has not achieved, has not attempted, or even comprehended. His story and his ideas appear in chunks, scarcely even glued together. William Clissold apologizes for the encyclopædic character of his autobiography. "I am bound to indicate and in a measure explain my conception of the world of toil and business in which I have struggled and won freedom and security for myself." But although William Clissold asserts the predominance of himself as hero, we feel all the time that he is the unreal element in a world of realities.

In view of the dubitable status of his fiction it seems a bit specious for Mr. Wells to insist so meticulously upon the prerogatives of the novelist in regard to his art, particularly in the use of living persons. The book has been introduced by a fanfare of trumpets proclaiming the introduction of contemporary figures under their own names. On examination it appears that these figures are not characters in the novel at all; they are merely part of a background. Clissold takes breakfast with Mr. Keynes and talks with Doctor Jung at an evening party, much as Henry Esmond drinks with Richard Steele or tells Addison the story of Blenheim. The device is useful in fixing the period—but it is no new departure. And for the most part these contemporaries are merely touched by Clissold's impression of them. He sees Mr. Bernard Shaw in his celebrated jaeger costume talking in a corner, but unfortunately does not get within earshot. Mr. Harry Selfridge, whom he has been "privileged" to meet face to face, is "an unobtrusive man with something of the shy quiet of a poet." Woodrow Wilson appears "with that large gaunt face of his, solemnly inscrutable, bringing his schoolboy essay in politics, his Fourteen Points." Henry Arthur Jones and Pinero are "two leaden masters . . . to whom no Dunciad has ever done justice." "Ramsay MacDonald is a queer, vain simulacrum of a statesman," etc. All this raises no question in regard to the art of fiction. We suspect that Mr. Wells has had an uneasy conscience since he drew the Baileys in The New Machiavelli, as Dickens had after using Leigh Hunt for Harold Skimpole in Bleak House. He proclaims himself the impenitent thief, but gives assurances that he will not do it again.

William Clissold's personal experience serves mainly as the doctor's anteroom, where we wait from time to time, beguiling the hours with old magazines, until the door opens on the serious business of anatomizing the world. His early scientific training gives him his faith in the possibilities of life through control of the forces of nature. His marriage and subsequent loves introduce his criticism of present customs in regard to sexual arrangements. His nephews' schooling leads him into familiar thoughts about the shortcomings of education and outspoken praise of Sanderson of Oundle. His career as member of a great metallurgical firm, and his brother's success in advertising, bring him to a consideration of the part which technology and business are to play in the future of the world. As his thought on most of these themes does not differ from that of his predecessors in Mr. Wells's novels, it is proper to limit consideration to the last.

Clissold describes himself as a modern Liberal. He has sloughed off certain of the preconceptions of nineteenth century liberalism, such as the trust in suffrage and the necessity for elections in political affairs. He has been a Fabian and has come to see socialism as an impracticable system, deriving its motive force from the conception of vindictive class war. He is disillusioned in regard to the working class. "Because masses of toilers and needy people are thoroughly uncomfortable it does not follow that they are capable of the subtle and intricate adjustments needed to make themselves and mankind free and happy." He has witnessed the World War, the meretricious period of reconstruction, the Russian revolution, and the Labor government, and has come to a belief in the process of evolution exemplified in an imperfect stage by the existing system of capitalism—though he denies that it is a system. Modern civilization has become a vast and intricate machine. Mr. Wells has never, like the Victorian prophets Carlyle and Ruskin, repudiated machinery, mechanical or social. Indeed his utopias have always depended upon the increasing subjection of natural and social forces to technical control. The future of society rests with the experts. "The only people, practically, who know how to manage transport, the exploitation of natural products and industrial activities generally are the people who are engaged in doing so now."

This attitude is not original with Mr. Wells. It is implicit in Mr. Wyndham Lewis's Art of Being Ruled, which was reviewed in these columns two weeks ago, and may be taken as one more or less characteristic of the present day. Like Mr. Lewis, William Clissold professes himself a revolutionist, in a world of revolution—not by bombs and barricades, but by mind. "I look to the growth of a minority of intelligent men and women for the real revolution before mankind." Mr. Lewis calls for a syndic of the intellectuals. William Clissold demands "the conscious, frank and world-wide coöperation of the man of science, the scientific worker, the man accustomed to the direction of productive industry, the man able to control the arterial supply of credit, the man who can control newspapers and politicians, that the great system of changes they have almost inadvertently got going can be brought to any hopeful order of development." He calls it the Open Conspiracy. "It will be aristocratic in the sense that it will have a decisive stratum of prominent and leading individuals who will wield a relatively

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

large part of the power and property of the community, but it will be democratic in the sense that it will be open to everyone with ability and energy to join that stratum and participate in its work." Mr. Lewis is sceptical of the disinterestedness of the ruling class and would counteract the lust of power by the sacrifices which will accompany its possession and exercise. William Clissold on this point shares the optimism of Mr. Wells. Even the spectacle of the prosperous class of today does not dismay him. "As a class," he admits, "they are prepared to defend the stacked-up instabilities they call the 'existing system,'" but there are exceptions: some are bored by the mean rewards of prosperity, some have the disinterested scientific or creative impulse. It is to these exceptions that he looks for "the continuation, acceleration and extension of social and economic progress towards a new and finer world order." This process reminds one of Mr. John A. Hobson's conception of "a revolution by consent," the conquest of selfishness by intelligence. It is a beautiful faith.

ROBERT MORSS LOVETT.

New Friends in Europe

The New Baltic States and Their Future, by Owen Rutter. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 274 pages. $5.

THE three Baltic republics, carved out of the western marches of Russia on the basis of ethnic groupings, are described in Major Rutter's well illustrated volume. His method reminds one somewhat of Harry Franck's; he tells what things are interesting in the order of their discovery by his own eyes. He did not walk through Lithuania, Latvia and Esthonia (although his prose sometimes does), but he got off the main road in farm cart and flivver. Like most travelers, he is rather more sentimental in his first contacts. Beginning at Kaunas, he sees the Lithuanians in the glamor of their struggle for freedom. Long before he bids the new nations goodbye at Tallinn, he has got down to harder facts, such as resources, fiscal systems and opportunities for investment. But in all three countries he finds much the same things: obstinate new nationalism, bureaucratic tangles due to inexperience, great need for foreign capital and complete failure to make easy the fruitful wanderings of tourists. Of personal hospitality he found no lack, largely because he was an Englishman. He gives deserved credit for the reputation of his nation to the work of General Burt's mission just after the War and generously extends that praise to American relief agencies. The English-speaking peoples have no better friends in Europe than these three new republics because of General Burt's devotion, because of emigration to the United States, and such spectacular deeds as the fight of the late Col. Edward Ryan and the staff of the American Red Cross against typhus in Esthonia after the Yudenitch débâcle (which Major Rutter does not mention).

He insists that these states are eminently worth studying for their own sake. They are not the mere "Dividing Line of Europe" fencing off a decayed Russia, as Stephen Graham describes them. They are ancient tribes of our own ancestors, with the roots of many of our cherished ideas in their folk lore; and they are alive with new liberty.

It is to be hoped that this friendly, informative account of their triumphant nation-building will get them some of the attention they deserve.

LYMAN BRYSON.

A New History of Russia

A History of Russia, by Bernard Pares. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 558 pages. $6.

IN this work the English reading public has at last a comprehensive history of Russia, from the very beginnings to the end of 1925. Sir Bernard Pares, author of several books on Russia, belongs to the small but happily growing number of scholars who find the mastery of the Russian language indispensable for their equipment. Aside from his ability to study primary sources, Sir Bernard has had the advantage of living for long periods in Russia, before and during the War, and studying at close range parties and institutions.

Professor Pares is free from methodological bias. He does not hesitate to assign to moral factors an importance at least equal to that of economic and geographical factors, and he frankly believes in the effectual value of individual characters in history. Though he avows his intention to write a "history of the Russian people," he is by no means rigidly consistent in carrying out this intention. In fact his work is much more a history of the Russian state, allowing considerably more space to rulers, wars and diplomacy than to mass movements or cultural events. Such unofficial national expressions as the Cossack uprisings in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, or the revolutionary currents of the last fifty years, receive but slight attention.

Though aware of the paramount importance of the peasant question, the author fails to emphasize its determining aspects in the later period. He dwells at length on the early phases of serfdom and its development to the end of the eighteenth century, but his treatment of the subject thins down regrettably as he approaches modern times. Without an adequate analysis of the emancipation act of 1861 and of its consequences, one cannot grasp the inevitability of the recent revolution and of the forms it has taken. Yet the author merely rejoices at the fact that in 1861 the peasants received about one half of the cultivated soil, forgetting to state that after the emancipation they possessed on the whole less land than they actually tilled during serfdom. More, their allotments not only diminished in size but became also worse in quality, since the gentry, in addition to the scandalously high compensation they received, were allowed to "cut off" from the peasants the best portions of their holdings. Without a proper emphasis on the resulting progressive impoverishment of the peasantry and its desperate hunger for soil, one is apt to overlook the essentially peasant nature of the revolution of 1917, the proletarian leadership notwithstanding. Similarly, the reader of Professor Pares's History may overlook the one indubitably positive gain of the revolution, the nationalization of land and its distribution among the peasants.

Generally speaking, the more recent the period the more hastily and incompletely it is treated by the author. The origin of the War is presented in terms that might have been used in 1915, but seem a bit obsolete after the publication of the illuminating mass of data and documents within the last years. The revolution and interventions are described too compactly, more like a chronicle of events, but with a fairness which does credit to an active anti-Bolshevik which the author has been. To be sure, one meets occasionally with such a lapsus as the story of the Russo-Polish war, in which not a word is said about Pilsudski's bellicose pugnacity and his unprovoked invasion of the Ukraine and oc-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

cupation of Kiev. Instead he merely says that "the Red Army advanced in 1920, and even reached the gates of Warsaw; but General Weygand, dispatched from Paris, turned the tide and the Poles advanced themselves"! One turns with pleasure to the first half of the book where the author is both more thorough and more objective. The early chapters in particular are masterly bits of historical writing, rising in places to the epic pathos of the ancient Russian Chronicles. Perhaps the main charm of this valuable book consists in its flavor of native Russian scholarship tempered by the relative impartiality of a non-Russian observer and student.

ALEXANDER KAUN.

Philosophy in the Religion of William James

Religion in the Philosophy of William James, by Julius Seelye Bixler. Boston: Marshall Jones Company. 225 pages. $3.

THIS book seems to me a piece of special pleading. Any philosopher can be proved to be dominated by religious interests, pro and contra, for the mother of philosophy is the deficiency of religion, and systems of thought are fabricated to justify and rationalize the failure of systems of belief. In James's case the religious impulsion is conspicuous and recurrent. Religion had dominated his father, and the relation between the two was such that it could not fail to preoccupy the son, much as he might have struggled against it. The paternal influence was reinforced, moreover, by a youthful sickness which the letters attest, and recovery from which was signalized by a more or less religious formula. Nevertheless James was committed to the methods and implications of science, so much so that most of his treatment of religion and its objects was designed to establish their compatibility with such a world as science reveals. The tone and temper of his thought is radically secular and the exhibition of the large place which religion has in it comes to the general student as a surprise. In making this exhibition Mr. Bixler adds something to the understanding of James. At the same time he quotes scripture for his own especial purpose. He makes religion appear as the chief interest in James's thought, whereas it is a bare equal of many others.

In point of fact, the older James grew, the less religion signified. In the radical empiricism wherein he set his final vision, religion can hardly be said to have figured. What fundamentally characterized James's attitude was not belief so much as a persistent and sceptical curiosity, an eagerness for evidence from all sides, that may have been the result of a conflict between the profound reaction to his father and the no less profound influence of his scientific training. His habit of mind and his temper were to defend any under dog against too powerful enemies, and religion certainly figured in his mind as an under dog. He did not for himself have any concern about God or immortality; he called the one an overbelief of his and for the other he held the evidence to be deficient. "Freedom" came in the end to signify for him a demonstrable quality of experience, with which the other two items of the conventional religious trinity were in no way coördinate.

Yet Mr. Bixler presents them as being on a par in James's mind and imputes to all his thinking a religious preoccupation which is not there. Our writer's treatment of the great philosopher's attitude toward immortality is characteristic of the method of his whole book. By quoting mostly letters of the eighties and disregarding the record of the later years, he establishes a concern about being alive after death that James was at pains to deny for himself. What in fact James finally felt about the world and man's place in it may be gathered from his last published essay—the tribute to that strange secular mystic, Paul Blood. The conclusion to that essay—I am writing this at sea and have not the essay by me—runs somewhat as follows:

> . . . Let my last word be his last word. What has concluded that we should conclude about it? There are no conclusions. There are no fortunes to be told, there is no advice to be given. Farewell. . . .

I cannot help feeling that Mr. Bixler, by a selection that suits his own purpose rather than does justice to the changing life history and myriad-minded personality of William James, presents us with a pattern of his thought that does compose a set and special conclusion, a conclusion that philosophy figures as an item in the religion of William James, and not religion as an item in his philosophy, a false conclusion, therefore. Perhaps the facts that this book is an expanded Ph. D. thesis and that its author is a clergyman have a bearing on its character. They certainly must have influenced the startling dullness with which the liveliest of the thinkers of the last generation is here treated.

H. M. KALLEN.

Will Coal Dust Explode?

The Rock Dust Remedy, by Harry Phythyon. Belle Vernon, Penn.: Belle Vernon Agency. 190 pages. $2.

HERE is a man who takes issue with the U. S. Bureau of Mines on the coal dust menace. If he is right in his belief that coal dust alone will not propagate an explosion, then we are on the wrong track in our present efforts to eliminate mine explosions.

In presenting this dissenting view the author stands as one against an army. As a result of the publicity given the studies and investigations of the Bureau of Mines, there is a widespread belief that coal dust is a major factor in our bituminous coal mine explosions. The American Association for Labor Legislation is arousing sentiment for rock dusting laws in all coal producing states. Claiming that 85 percent of the fatalities in mine explosions could be averted by rock dusting, the Associated Companies, compensation insurance carriers, have set October 1, 1926, as the time limit for the rock dusting of every bituminous coal mine in the United States under penalty of increased insurance premiums. The Pennsylvania Department of Mines, with which Mr. Phythyon is associated, disavows his views on this question.

It is to be expected that rock dust enthusiasts will ridicule this nonconformist. I myself approached his book with strong misgivings. Had I not seen coal dust explode at the experimental mine at Bruceton, Pennsylvania? Was this man unaware of these experiments conducted by the U. S. Bureau of Mines? Was he ignorant of the British experience? Who was this heretic, anyway? Upon reading the book I found that Mr. Phythyon, practical miner, mine manager, superintendent, inspector, and member of the American Institute of Mining and Metallurgical En-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

gineers, is familiar with all the studies and investigations of the Bureau of Mines, conversant with the rock dusting experiments abroad, and on numerous occasions an eye-witness to the Bruceton experiments—all of this, and yet he is unconvinced. Mr. Phythyon differentiates between laboratory experiments and actual mine conditions. He throws a cloud of doubt on the evidence gathered by the Bureau's investigators and even intimates that the Bureau's experiments are not altogether honest. He points out that conditions in American mines are not parallel with those of Great Britain where a percentage of gas in a mine atmosphere is accepted as normal; that ventilation problems here are comparatively simple, and it is therefore absurd to apply British practices in American mines. "If a mine explosion is blamed on coal dust when in reality it was due to faulty ventilation," writes Mr. Phythyon, "that operator and other operators are not prepared thereby to avoid other explosions."

In this limited space it is impossible to deal with the arguments presented in this book. They are the sort that will carry a strong appeal to the man of practical mining experience and many will conclude with Mr. Phythyon that "the part played by coal dust in our mine explosions has been unduly magnified in the public mind to the neglect and discredit of causes and remedies of greater importance." This book again brings to life the old question that has divided mining men for years: Will coal dust explode?

EDWARD A. WIECK.

Troubadours and Satirists

French Studies and Reviews, by Richard Aldington. New York: Lincoln MacVeagh. The Dial Press. 240 pages. $2.50.

FRENCH STUDIES is a collection of twenty-two articles which Mr. Aldington wrote in review of new editions of old French authors. As a reviewer he was lucky enough to have many half-forgotten poets, once famous, come his way. He has arranged his articles in chronological order, and the result is a pleasant journey from mediæval times to 1900, skipping the palaces of literature and stopping at the little inns. He has the rare sanity in writing of "minor poets" to accept them naturally. He neither grows superior at their expense because they were not Shakespeare or Ronsard, nor plays them up as quaint. When a voice still sings freshly and tenderly, after nearly three hundred years, as Louise Labé's sings in the lovely Qui dira ma robe fourré, which Mr. Aldington quotes, there is little to do but listen to it, with the same pleasure it must have caused when first heard in the sixteenth century. Anyone who enjoys the unofficial paths of French literature will find suggestions frequently, in these reviews, of new places to look.

Mr. Aldington calls himself, in matters of early French poetry, an "English amateur," but that is because he is an unusually modest critic. He has studied the late mediæval and Renaissance writers with the sensitiveness of a poet, and often with scholarly courage. There were long draughts of wordiness in those writers which a few centuries have turned stale; but there were also songs of lyric purity and flights of heady imagination. Mr. Aldington reminds us that French poetry is some centuries older than English, and "had already produced a large body of works in various genres when Chaucer wrote his Canterbury Tales." English-speaking readers are too likely to think of French poetry as purely an elegant and measure-pacing muse. Mr. Aldington's quotations will convince anyone who still holds this view that in the sixteenth century at least French poetry possessed an "extraordinary imaginative vigor," and even "the same kind of undisciplined picturesqueness," which we think of as unique to the Elizabethans. His chapter on Le Cabinet Satyrique, a collection of satiric and erotic lampoons, gauloiseries and songs, is especially interesting from that point of view.

There are also delightful chapters on troubadours, a thirteenth century miracle play, Villon—his most important writer—a few figures of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, including Ninon de Lenclos and Mérimée, and a French study of Massinger. His discussion of Villon's poetry is to the point; but he is unable to go beyond Stevenson's attitude of moral repugnance when confronted with Villon's life. "How," he asks, "could a man who always remembered with a pang his hopeless passion for Catherine de Vauselles—how could he sink to the degradation of living as souteneur to la Grosse Margot?" Like Stevenson he finds that defiant, exultantly vivid, mocking and pathetic Ballade de la Grosse Margot merely "revolting." "We may remind ourselves of human inconsistency," he continues, "that man is both beast and angel, that Villon himself was one of the most 'ondoyant et divers' of characters; even so, it is hard to realize that such extremes of delicacy and coarseness could be touched by the same spirit." He quotes from the Ballade of the Ladies, and adds, "There surely is a poet of delicate sensibility with a wonderful respect for, and devotion to, women." Mr. Aldington cannot reconcile this with the insults which at other times Villon heaped on Catherine de Vauselles. Well, I should not expect to find such a hunger of passion without an equally intense capacity for hate. Villon's coarseness was not callousness, which is the only thing that cannot be reconciled with a delicate sensibility. The bitter recoil of his early disillusionment was not, for him, an academic affair. His ways of expressing it were naturally those of his environment. Let Mr. Aldington remember certain lines of savage impoliteness in Shakespeare's sonnets and the insults whipped on women in the plays. There is the same oscillation between tenderness and contempt as in Villon. Shakespeare's language was more courtly; but he did not live in the fifteenth century gutters, with an empty belly, and a hangman in the background.

It is worth while emphasizing this limitation of Mr. Aldington's because it is the clue to the weakness of his book. In a word, he is too polite to be a complete critic of literature. Beyond certain limits of decorum, either in that black bitterness where men rub their own noses desperately in thoughts that both attract and revolt them, or in the bawdy smoke of taverns where they laugh at the hoax nature has played on them, his intellect functions alone, without the sympathetic power to share the experience. Even the gauloiseries which he praises he handles with intellectual frankness, but with a slight shrinking. There is consequently a certain salt lacking in his essays. He is at his best, however, in dealing with lyric charm. We would expect the author of Choricos and other imagist poems which have been appearing since 1912 to be sensitive to grace and tonal beauty. And in fact, in writing of the "cunning music" of simple words, or the "indefinable pathos underlying apparent gaiety," Mr. Aldington's discrimination is both delicate and sure.

LAWRENCE S. MORRIS.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Current Fiction

The Lord of Labraz, by Pío Baroja. Translated from the Spanish by Aubrey D. G. Bell. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

AS a describer of things seen and heard, Pío Baroja stands high among the not very many who are good —reserving "great," contrary to the custom of our day, for a handful. As a novelist he is perhaps not quite so good; as a creator of persons the romantic generosity in him burns too high and the necessary patient consistency too low. If we possessed as able a man in our country, everyone would know it. As it is, few people are likely to pay attention to Pío Baroja, Spaniard. A pity, for the mere fabric, the cloth of words in English translation—good translation—is always solid, often magnificent, sometimes rarely and simply touching and poetic. The framework, while less admirable, a trifle shaky and uneven, is something to remember, something to make one decidedly eager to read more of him. The story wanders, one wishes to believe in these people more than one honestly can. But the ground under their feet, the red mountains behind them, the crooked deserted city, full of the slow footfalls of past centuries, the smell of morning and of rocks under the sun, all these are not easy to forget. There is often imponderable magic in a book which moves not too stiffly to its appointed end, but curves irresistibly away from its foundations toward a goal forever hidden beyond the last hill, the last page.

None But the Brave, by Arthur Schnitzler. Translated from the German by Richard L. Simon. New York: Simon and Schuster. $1.25.

IN physical length not much more than a long short story, Schnitzler's monologue from the lips of Lieutenant Gustl manages to tell us more than many a bulky novel. The method is his specialty, and the same method that he used to such effect in Beatrice and Fraulein Else: a careful, artfully arranged transcription of what goes on in someone's head, a stream of brief sentences, apparently casual and broken, actually most tightly and skilfully packed. The choice of such a point of vantage gives the author an amazingly deft control over things that are funny and others that are tragic, resulting in an admirable counterfeit of that perpetual ebb and mixture of feelings which goes by the name of life. The contents of Gustl's mind is both ridiculous and terrible, and he himself is the more real for not having his thoughts interpreted and underlined by a creator in ambush, yet ever present. Your average author, if left alone with the raw material of a novel, can ill-restrain temptations to expand on the furniture and the local color, while Schnitzler, his field narrowed, bends all his energies to the attainment of a relevance at once rich and frugal.

The Ninth Wave, by Carl Van Doren. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.

SINCE everyone else is going to remark upon the publication of a popular critic's first novel, we can afford to neglect this aspect of The Ninth Wave. Considered in vacuo, without regard to what other novels its author may or may not have written, without regard to his previous condition of servitude in a profession whose chains we also wear, we can say, quite offhand, that The Ninth Wave is so beautifully pumiced, in exterior and feeling, as to seem far more the product of an essayist than a novelist. Its emotions have candor and light, but little depth, its people have charm without reality. Exception to this last must be made in the case of June Rutledge, who comes to life in a few casual, rather moving touches. Her peer will not be found elsewhere in the book, inhabited as it is by persons of a mistier, almost insubstantial blood. Mr. Van Doren rather packs the jury against himself by setting a mark which he fails to achieve. The "Document" quoted at the beginning of the book promises us "inner drama," but that is hardly what we are given. Indeed the book becomes more and more external as it nears its end. At any rate, here is a first novel of which one can truly say that it has promise.

My Son John, by E. B. Dewing. New York: Minton, Balch and Company. $2.

WE ARE here promised "a new invention, a new way of writing fiction so that it appears to be fact—or a new way of writing fact so that it appears to be fiction. Take your choice." We cannot choose, for My Son John seems to be neither of these. The method is superficially interesting, though by no means new: the telling of a story through documents, through letters and recollections, through questions and comments exchanged between the author and the mother of John. Miss Dewing, possessing a gracefully upholstered, but by no means striking style, is quite unable to disguise her voice and speak convincingly through the half-dozen mouths to which she assigns the rôle of collaborators. In addition, her hero is by all concerned, including herself, seriously believed to be a very great literary genius, poet, novelist and playwright. No fictional hypothesis could be more difficult of proof to readers than this, and since Miss Dewing insists on quoting many samples of John's stuff as evidence, and John turns out to be no more remarkable than Miss Dewing, we are almost embarrassed by this exhibition of faith in the lifting power of bootstraps.

The Secret That Was Kept, by Elizabeth Robins. New York: Harper and Brothers. $2.

NOT long after finishing it, one forgets completely what the secret was that these people managed to keep. The unreal story, the fake intensity, the artificial violence, the paper-doll lovemaking, all these seem unimportant compared with a few brief glimpses of something real which has caught our author's eye and entered her heart: the South. One would expect an over-dramatic, or a syrupy, or a dark and sinister, or a cotton-mammy and singsong South, to judge from the rest of the story and the people. Not at all: it is a sober glimpse and a solid one. Even if it is only a glimpse, some of it one will not soon forget: the black convicts calling their tally in the turpentine forest, the lonely roads, the sand, the house in the woods, a face, a voice. The South—one calls to mind a number of books in support of such a view—is a fountain of youth in which tired and tiresome novel-makers have only to plunge in order to regain, even if briefly, the colors of reality. So much greater is this dark undiscovered corner of earth than ourselves, that by touching it we increase in size. But so far we have only touched it. The South is there, waiting for a novel as broad and gay and mysterious as itself.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Jarnegan, by Jim Tully. New York: Albert and Charles Boni. $2.

MR. TULLY'S hero, who wins his way from bill-posting via the penitentiary (manslaughter) and the open road to movie directorship at $75,000 a film, is hardly an engaging character, and suffers from a physical, as does his author from a mental, excess of guts. In the first part of the book, a steep ascent, there are some rugged simple touches among the staccato, wilful brutalities. In the last half—a precipitous descent—hero, story, atmosphere and all go tumbling down-hill in a noisier and ever noisier avalanche of rough-neck language, progressively less picturesque, progressively more tedious. Often Mr. Tully verges on the unprintable, which turns out to be no more interesting in print than it was in its native, oral, truck-driver state. In retrospect this book, which shows signs of having been intended for some sort of indictment of Hollywood as well as the frame for a heroic, vital, gifted, gut-bearing, ten-counting, three-bottle, straight-liquor, woman-chasing, iron-fisted—well, you know the word I mean—is as tiresome as two drunks arguing under your window at three a. m. When an author gets down to brass tacks he should not celebrate the feat by making his readers sit on them. It is a pity that Jim Tully, who has a genuine muscular talent, should overuse it and forget that too much hard hitting has put men to sleep in the reading-room as well as in the ring.

ROBERT LITTELL.

A Correction

The Editors regret that in the fall literary supplement under the head Forerunners of the Little Theatre the title of the book reviewed was incorrectly stated. It is Antoine and the Théâtre Libre, by Samuel M. Waxman.

Contributors

ROBERT E. LEWIS, M.A., L.H.D., for ten years Secretary of the International Committee of the Y. M. C. A., resident in Shanghai, is author of The Educational Conquest of the Far East and Government Education in Japan.

HAROLD J. LASKI, a professor at the University of London, is the author of Authority in the Modern State, and other works on political subjects.

WINIFRED WELLES is the author of The Hesitant Heart, a book of poems.

C. W. MIXTER was sometime instructor in economics at Harvard University and Professor of Political Economy at the University of Vermont.

BABETTE DEUTSCH has written two books of poems, Banners and Honey Out of the Rock.

A. E. COPPARD, English writer, is the author of Adam and Eve and Pinch Me, Fishmonger's Fiddle, and other books.

WILLIAM HEALY, M.D., director of the Judge Baker Foundation and lecturer in Harvard and Boston Universities, is the author of Mental Conflicts and Misconduct, The Individual Delinquent, and other studies.

HORTENSE FLEXNER has published a volume of verse, Clouds and Cobblestones.

LYMAN BRYSON gives extension lectures on international politics for the University of California.

ALEXANDER KAUN is a Russian journalist, a graduate of the University of Chicago and an instructor in Slavic languages at the University of California.

H. M. KALLEN is author of William James and Henri Bergson, Zionism and World Politics, and other books.

EDWARD A. WIECK is an Illinois coal miner, and an occasional contributor of articles on the mining industry.

LAWRENCE S. MORRIS contributes sketches, stories and articles to current magazines.

You Need It Every Day—

If you value correctness and scope of vocabulary—accuracy of information about words, people, places—convenience in securing facts on a wide variety of daily questions—then you are in need, every day, of the ready fund of knowledge offered in

WEBSTER'S COLLEGIATE DICTIONARY

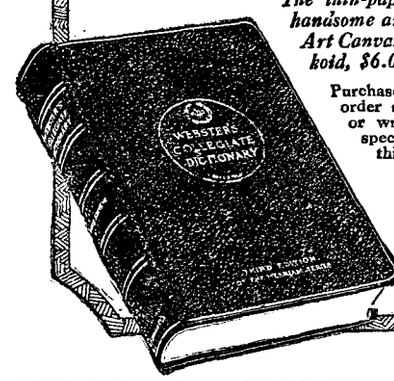
The Best Abridged Dictionary

It is based upon Webster's New International

This handy book is indispensable. 106,000 entries, and many v luable sections, including General Vocabulary; Pronouncing Gazetteer; Pronouncing Biographical Dictionary; Foreign Words and Phrases; Guide to Punctuation, Use of Capitals, etc.; Abbreviations Used in Writing and Printing; 1700 illustrations; and many other features.

New Words—Do you know the meaning and pronunciation of *dactylogram, escadrille, Hooverize?*—the identity of *Cabell, Gluck, Cecil?*—the location of the *Far Eastern Republic, Chemin des Dames, Monte Adamello?* These are but a few of the up-to-date entries in Webster's Collegiate.

A SHORT CUT TO ACCURATE INFORMATION



The thin-paper edition is especially handsome and convenient to handle. Art Canvas binding, $5.00; Fabrikoid, $6.00; Leather, $7.50.

Purchase of your bookseller: or send order and remittance direct to us; or write for information. Free specimen pages if you mention this periodical.

G. & C. Merriam Co.
Springfield
Mass.

THE NEW LEADERSHIP IN INDUSTRY

By SAM A. LEWISOHN

Vice-President of the Miami Copper Company

Most discussions of "the labor problem" are clogged with sentiment, prejudice, controversy, and propaganda.

This is a reasonable discussion, built out of study, human experience, and good temper in equal parts.

THEREFORE, it is an exceedingly good book for nearly everybody to read. $2.00

(Gleaned from a review in The Independent.)

E. P. DUTTON & CO.,
681 Fifth Ave., New York

"Social Thought In Victorian Literature"
Course of Eight Lectures
By ROBERT MORSS LOVETT, A. B.
in the COMMUNITY CHURCH AUDITORIUM
Park Avenue and 34th Street
On THURSDAY EVENINGS, Oct. 14, 21, 28, Nov. 4, 11, 18, Dec. 2, 9 at 8:15 P. M.
Course tickets $4.50, can be secured in advance at the Office of the Community Church,
12 Park Avenue, New York City. Single Admission 75c.

THAT BOOK YOU WANT!
We hold 1,250,000 vols. second hand and new, every conceivable subject. Books on approval. Also Rare Books, Out-of-Print Books and sets of Authors. Catalogues free (20 issued). Outline requirements and interests. FOYLES, 121 Charing Cross Road, London, England.

REAL HARRIS TWEED
The aristocrat of all sports wear—direct from makers. Patterns free. Cut lengths by post, $2.00 per yd. Carriage paid. NEWALL, 159 Stornoway, Scotland

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

HOMES OF THE FREED

by ROSSA B. COOLEY

THIS is a story related with the simplicity and art of great literature; the book, like the school, belongs to the island people. But it is also a record of the most practical and immediate interest to educators, sociologists and all those who would learn from what has been accomplished there how education may be brought down and integrated with life.

Mr. J. J. Lankes has contributed four exquisite wood-cuts to the book; there is an introduction by Dr. J. H. Dillard of Virginia. It is the 14th title in the New Republic Series of DOLLAR BOOKS.

HOMES OF THE FREED is a book that no one will fail to admire, that no one will put down unread or find unimportant or lacking in wisdom. The coupon provides the proper way to order it.

IN 1861 the Sea Islands off the South Carolina coast were captured by the Union Navy. Abandoned by their owners, rich plantations fell to the slaves, who under the Federal forces established the first community of freedmen in the South.

In the following year Penn School was founded on St. Helena Island. From that day to this it has existed as the sole educative and social agency in a society of six thousand negroes removed from outside influence.

Those who set up the school, in the midst of war, were actuated by sincere motives of helpfulness. But they could not then have possibly realized that they were beginning an experiment in education which would prove to be one of the most fruitful ever carried out anywhere in the world.

For nineteen years Miss Rossa B. Cooley has conducted this school. Under her wise guidance something approaching a modern miracle has been achieved in those cut-off islands of the sea.

How the rough women of the fields, born on slave street, and ignorant of the ordinary practices of society, were led away from their pathetic yearning for Greek and music and taught to identify education with home-making and life-building constitutes one of the most glorious stories ever told.

A ONE DOLLAR BILL attached to this blank and sent to NEW REPUBLIC, INC., 421 West 21st St., New York, will bring you postpaid a copy of *Homes of the Freed*.

Name .....

Address .....

in full 10-6-26

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED